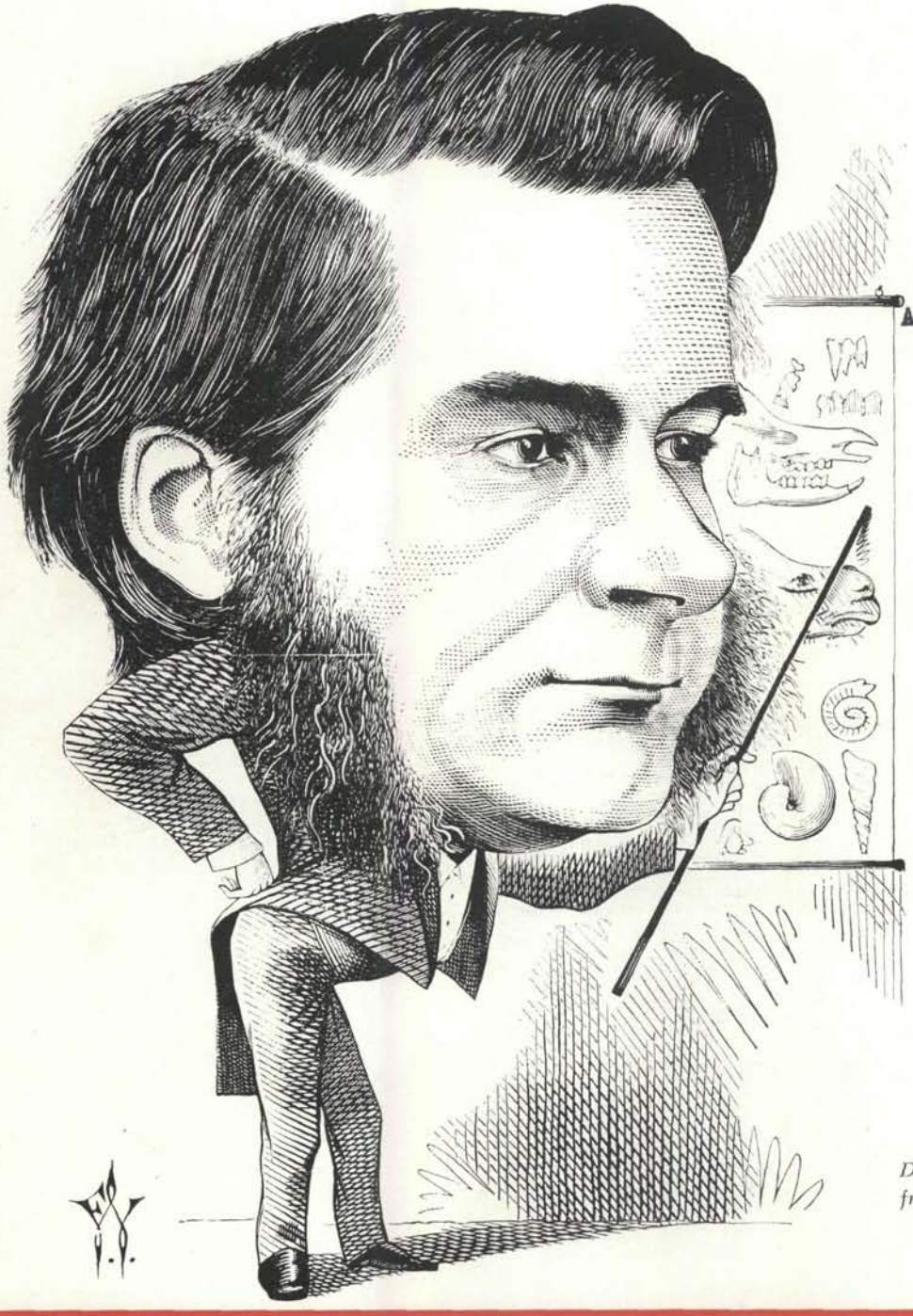
Saturday Review

APRIL 23, 1960 / 25¢



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By Louis J. Halle

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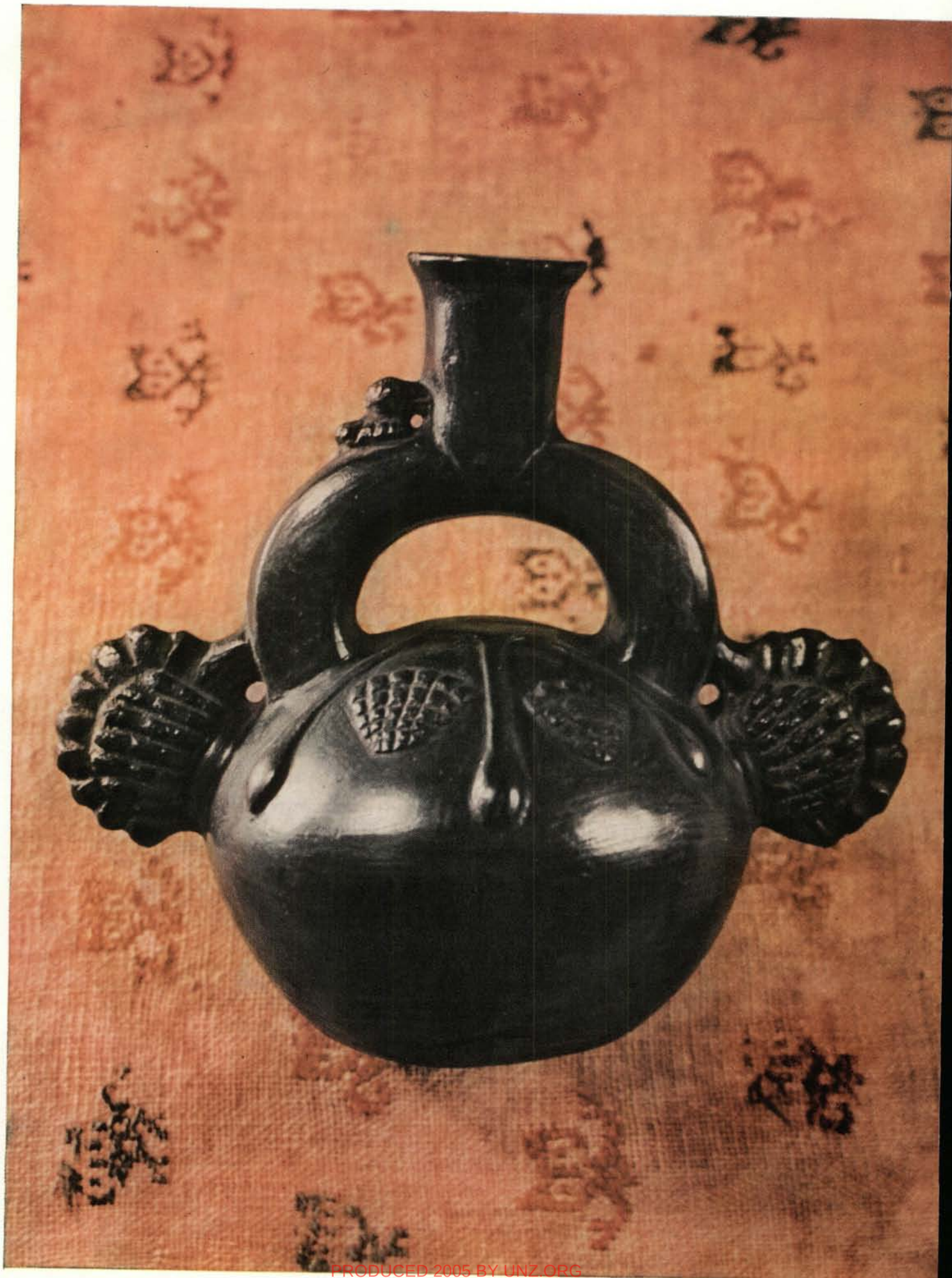

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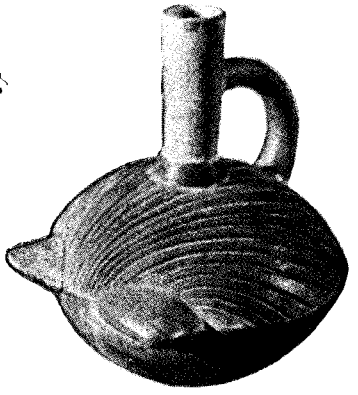
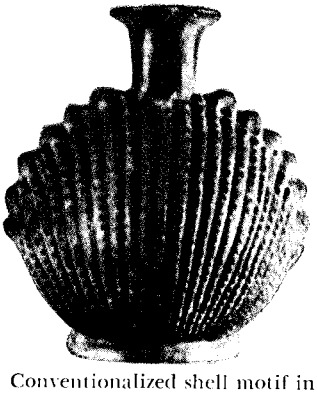


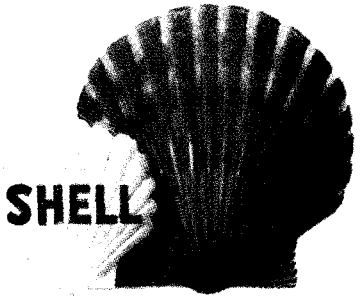
Vase in the form of Pecten Purpuratus: Mochica culture, Peru, c. A.D. 600

Vase with spondylus motif: Peru, c. A.D. 600

This conventionalized Chimu vase is in the form of a large spondylus shell*



Conventionalized shell motif in this Chimu vase gives slight overemphasis to scalloped edge*



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◀ Pottery vase: Chimu culture, Peru*

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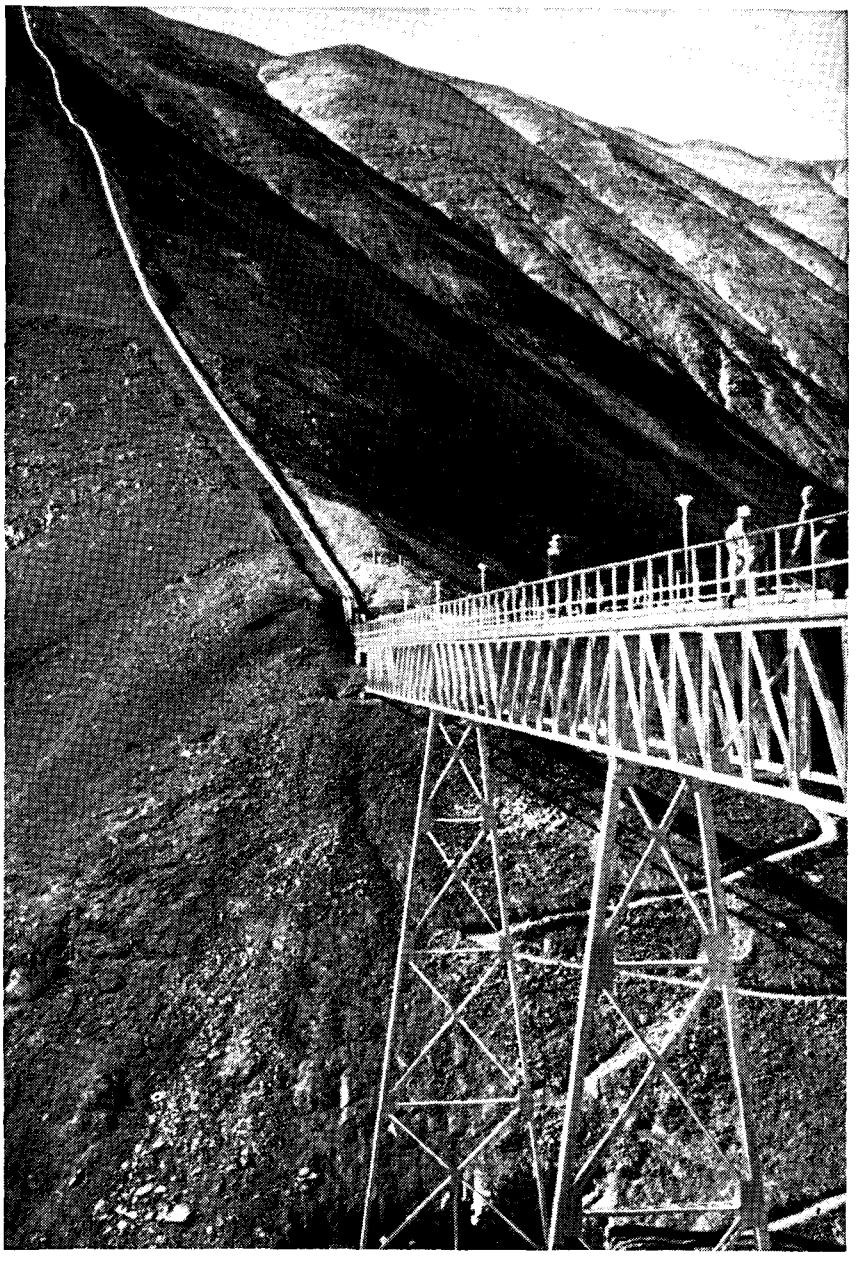

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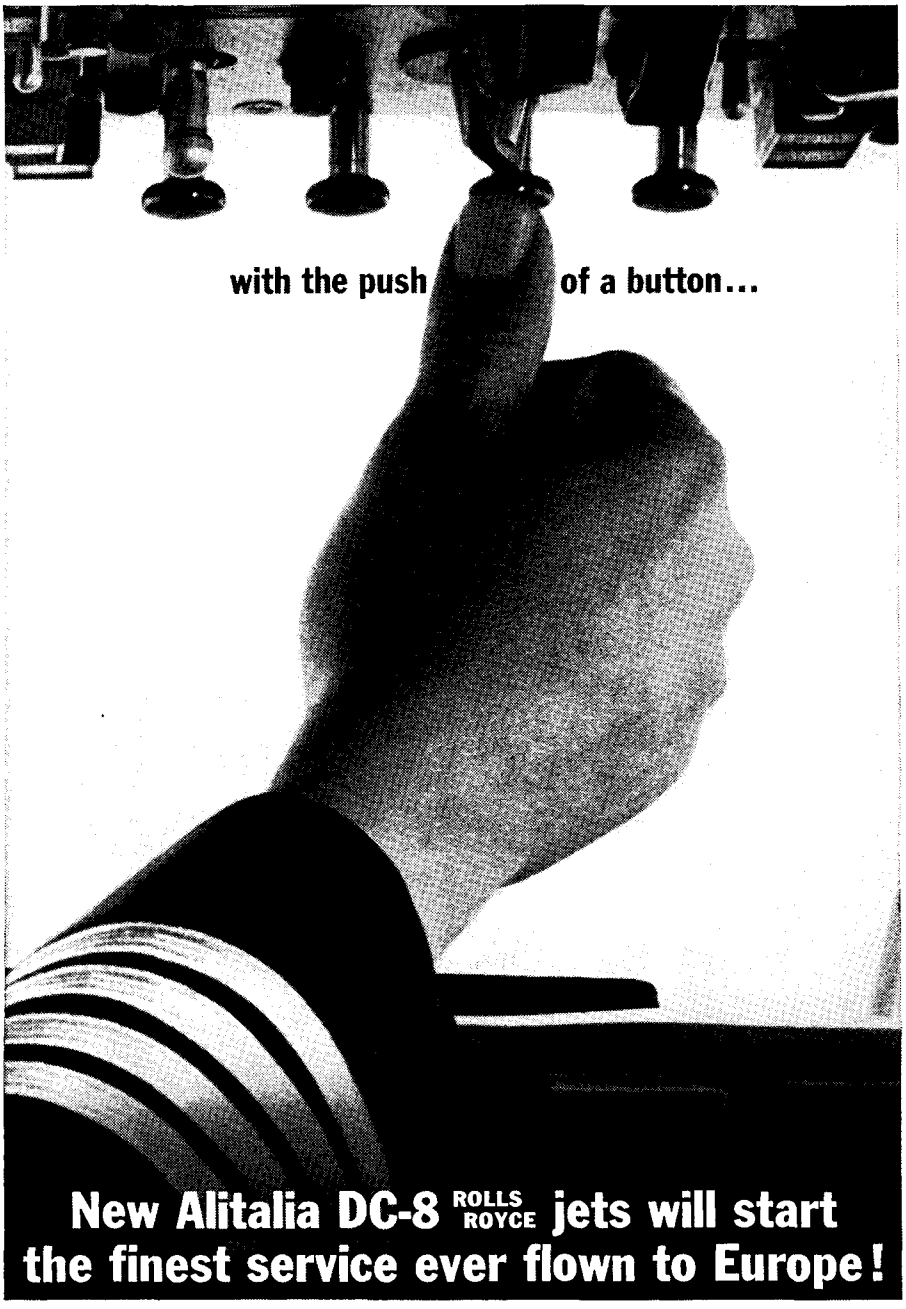

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Perspective/1960

Politics and the Press

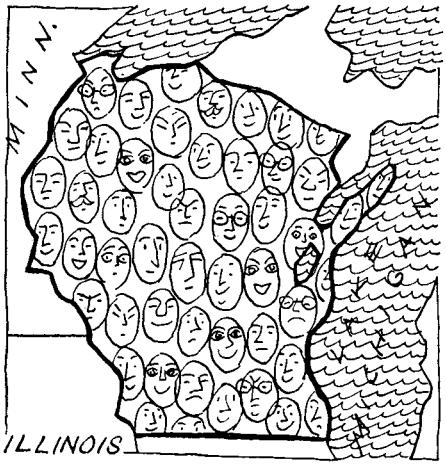
By Theodore H. White

FEW, IF ANY, out-of-state journalists could have left Milwaukee on the grey and overcast Wednesday morning following the Kennedy-Humphrey primary without concern over their own role in the dramatic last days of the contest.

For when they came to Wisconsin it was a state of easy and decent tolerance; when they left, it was perplexed and divided. The divisions of origin and religion were, of course, always there. But how much we collectively did to exacerbate and amplify them is the heart of a question that may be of central importance to the Presidential politics of 1960.

Wisconsin, like almost all our states except those that lie south of the Mason-Dixon line, has a thoroughly polyglot mixture. The mixture, however, probably contains a lower percentage of Wasps (*W*hite *A*nglo-*S*axon *P*rotestants) than any other area in the nation except, perhaps, metropolitan New York. Wasps in Wisconsin number perhaps 5 per cent of its total population, only marginally leading such strains as Jews, Negroes, and native Indians. The rest of Wisconsin is so bizarre a combination of genetic and ethnic origins that it has fascinated sociologists for years, and magnificent multicolored charts exist in scholarly institutions cross-hatching Wisconsin's seventy-one counties in different colors for Germans, Danes, Norwegians, Irish, Icelanders, Latvians, Poles, and all the other twenty-four fatherhood stocks significant enough to be measured. The pattern of their cooperation in a living community is fascinating—as fascinating as the manner in which the centipede moves its many legs to make progress. But, like the mythical centipede which went into nervous shock when asked to examine the sequence by which it moves its legs, so, too, can the political animal go into nervous shock by overprecise self-analysis.

Which is what happened in Wisconsin. The commingling of American stocks has always been part of the stubborn reality of American politics as well as its silent glory. But when this commingling is picked bare in public the glory is apt to evaporate, and what results is squalor. The divisions of religion and ethnics have been intuitively recognized in Wisconsin, as elsewhere,



for years. But when the horde of out-of-state political reporters gathered to report Wisconsin's primary, they fastened upon these long-known and intuitive differences with the fascination of men freshly discovering the obvious.

For two decades an obscure Minnesota publishing house had been pouring archaic anti-Catholic and anti-Semitic tracts into the small towns of the Midwest. Yet when correspondents discovered them for the first time, they were whirled into headline significance. For years the Department of Rural Sociology at the University of Wisconsin had been trying to understand the patterns of the state's origins. But when the correspondents in Wisconsin discovered such scholarly research for the first time, it acquired the impact of new revelation. And as each story received its play and prominence, correspondents tried to outdo each other proving that they too, were journeyman sociologists.

The response to such stories had its predictable effect on the bigots who sputter endemically in Wisconsin as elsewhere. Their paid advertisements and personal mimeographed leaflets quickly flourished in the new publicity. By the final weekend of the primary an electoral contest between two men of genuine workaday political tolerance had become in the reporting almost a religious clash; and not only in out-of-state reporting, but also in local

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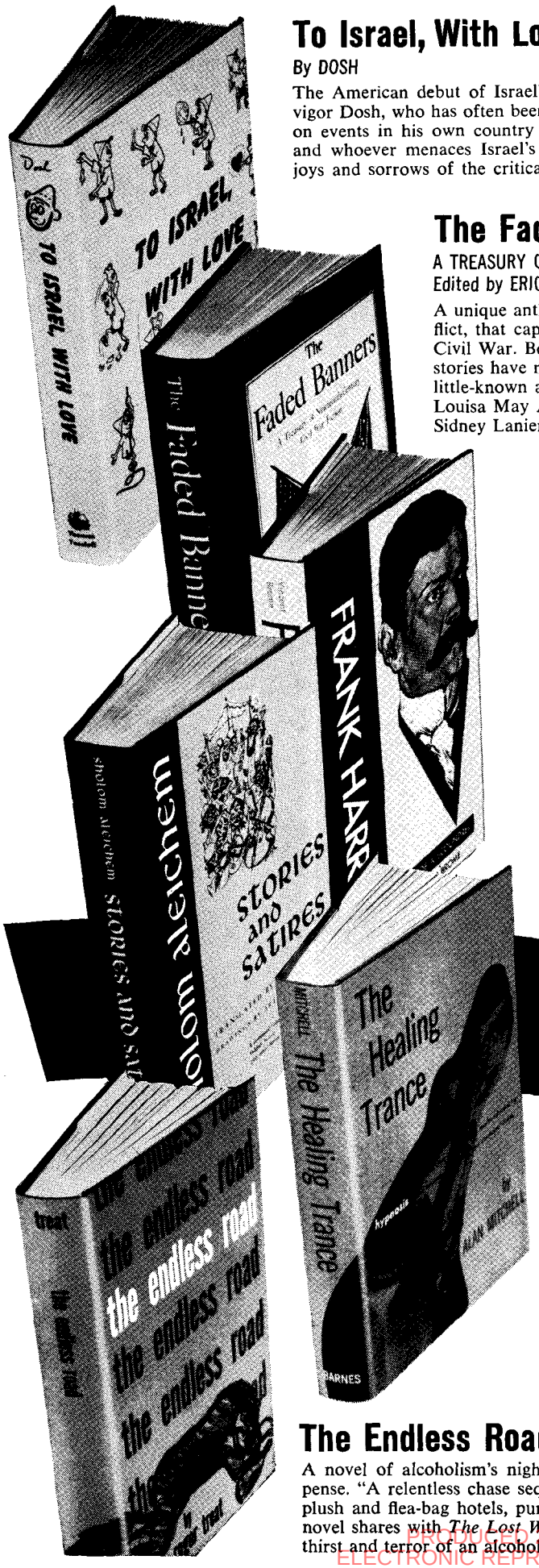

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reporting, where its effect on voter reaction was immediate.

The vast investment of the Columbia Broadcasting System in a scholarly public opinion analysis of Wisconsin came out Sunday morning on the public air as a stirring account of tense Protestant-Catholic cleavage. NBC, not to be outdone, matched CBS in what had come to be accepted as realistic analysis. The *Milwaukee Journal*, the dominant newspaper of the state and as fine a newspaper as any in the country, adorned a superb Sunday story by its perceptive political correspondent, Ken Fry, with a map breaking every county in the state into its precise Catholic-Protestant percentages. On the Sunday before election, when almost three hours of television drenched Wisconsin with the political story, the TV screen seemed to be reporting not a contest for the sublime office of the Presidency but a sporting event in which the Protestant 9th Congressional was pitted against the Catholic 8th Congressional.

This correspondent leaves doorbell-ringing and the scientific analysis of

loyalties to other, more qualified men. I only know that in my own taxi-driver poll a month before the election the common responses were "I'm gonna vote for Humphrey, he's for the workingman," or "I like Kennedy, I like the way he talks." But on the day of voting I could get the unabashed reply, "I'm voting for Kennedy—I guess it's because I'm a Catholic" or "The Catholics aren't democratic—Hubert ought to talk about it." The climate of opinion we had all helped make had created a new kind of reality.

A wise and veteran politician once said to me, "American politics is a puzzle—a jigsaw puzzle of nationalities. God should paralyze the hand of the man who tries to break up the jigsaw." For this next decade we must face openly, in the press and our hearts, the cleavage between white and Negro Americans; this is enough for any political system to digest in a decade. To examine publicly and self-consciously all the other elements in the jigsaw could be too much. It may make great, colorful, and truthful copy; but truthful reporting and wisdom are not always synonymous.

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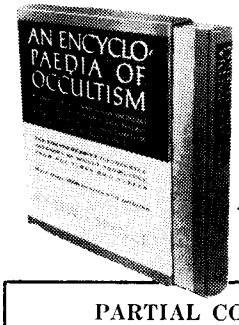

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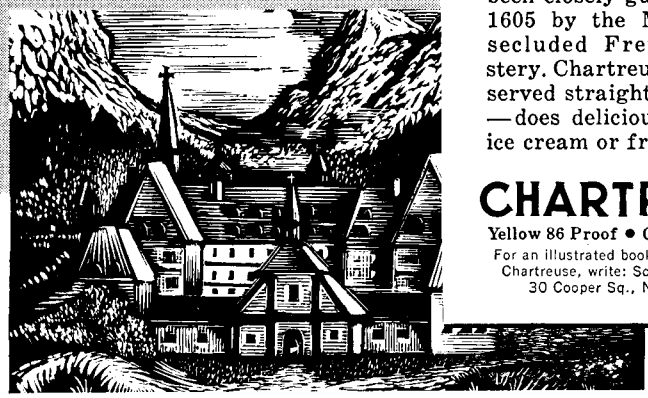

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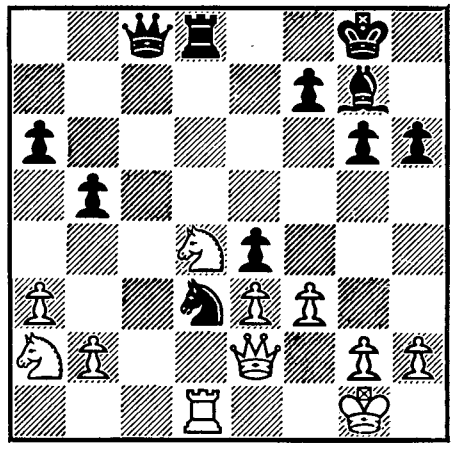
Chess Corner–34

THE triumvirate of grand masters who dominated the chess world a little more than a generation ago was Dr. Emanuel Lasker, Jose Raoul Capablanca, and Dr. Alexander Alekhine. Each served a term as champion of the world, Lasker's tenure covering more than a quarter of a century, and his successors, slightly less than a decade. Curiously, their respective styles were at odds with each other. Lasker was the psychologist; he catered to the foibles of the opponent. Capablanca was the artist; he played the board, regardless of who was sitting on the opposite side of him. Alekhine employed the strategic happy medium, at times favoring the soundest theoretical precepts and, at times, resorting to profound swindles. The perennial question as to who was the best will bring an assortment of answers, according to the faction of the responder. Below we see Alekhine in a brilliant performance.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT DECLINED

E. Gruenfeld White
A. Alekhine Black

1	P-Q4	N-KB3	16	B-N1	B-N2
2	P-QB4	P-K3	17	O-O	QR-B1
3	N-KB3	P-Q4	18	Q-Q2	N-K4
4	N-B3	B-K2	19	BxN	BxB
5	B-N5	QN-Q2	20	Q-B2	P-N3
6	P-K3	O-O	21	Q-K2	N-B5
7	R-B1	P-B3	22	B-K4	B-N2
8	Q-B2	P-QR3	23	BxB	QxB
9	P-QR3	P-R3	24	R-B1	P-K4
10	B-R4	R-K1	25	N-N3	P-K5
11	B-Q3	PxP	26	N-Q4	KR-Q1
12	BxP	P-QN4	27	KR-Q1	N-K4
13	B-R2	P-B4	28	N-R2	N-Q6
14	R-Q1	PxP	29	RxR	QxR
15	NxQP	Q-N3	30	P-B3	.....



30	.....	RxN
31	PxP	.....

If 31 PxR, BxPch 32 K-B1, N-B5, followed by 33 Q-B5ch and P-K6, etc.

31	.....	N-B5	33 QxQ	RxRch
32	PxN	Q-B5!	34 Q-B1	B-Q5ch

Mate next move.

—AL HOROWITZ.

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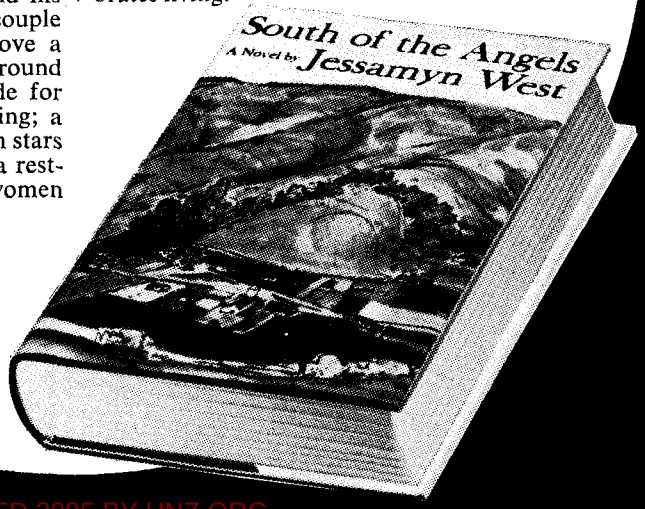
South of the Angels is the story of what happens to these people, of the happiness and sudden tragedy which is the human condition. It is a long novel—564 pages—with a story that richly deserves every page of its telling. Overflowing with the properties of adult life, it is sad, funny, joyous, sensual, witty, wise, and tragic. Like *The Friendly Persuasion,* it is a book in which you will feel at home; a book which does not chronicle lives as much as it celebrates living.



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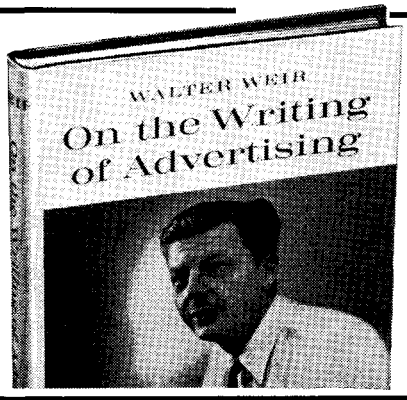

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TRADE Winds

IN THE DEDICATION of his engaging book about the publishing world, "An Occupation for Gentlemen," the English publisher Frederic Warburg writes: "To my wife, Pamela De Bayou, who speaks for herself."

We confirmed this proclivity very quickly at a recent gathering when she told us: "Fred has always fumed and fussed at authors because of their constant complaints about the jacket designs for their books. He's often told me that everybody would be better off if authors never saw their jackets until it was too late to change them. Then along comes his own book—and you've never seen such a fuss in your life!"

On the cover is a portrait of the author by Mrs. Warburg.

WE DROPPED BY Steinway Hall on West 57th Street not long ago to see how the Antiquarian Book Fair, the first ever held in this country, was doing. Chairman Madeleine Stern, a friendly, intense lady with an enthusiastic sense of dedication, met us at the doorway and helped us get acquainted with the offerings of some twenty-three dealers who had spread out their wares. A Pinkerton man was standing by in uniform, keeping a sharp eye on the displays, some items of which ran as high as $6,500.

"We're absolutely *amazed* at the turnout," Miss Stern told us. "We didn't dream there was so much interest on the part of the general public. All kinds of people have been here—including a lot of children. They seem to learn fast, and love to touch and feel some of the rare books. You'll find a tremendous variety of things on sale. Books, paintings, autographs, famous letters—even valentines and greeting cards. Actually, what we've got here are twenty-three bookstores in one room, and you don't need to be a millionaire to buy something. Some items are as low as a dollar."

The atmosphere of the room was cordial and lively, with none of the hushed, library-like silence you might expect. Each dealer was assigned a green metal bookcase, a table, a chair, and a modest display case.

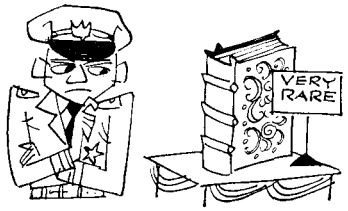
"We more or less played it by ear in deciding what to feature in the cases," Miss Stern said. "Here's a 1602 edition of Chaucer. It sells for $100. And this one is fascinating," she added, extracting a book from a case. It was a weathered edition called "The Perth Assembly," a rare volume printed by the Pilgrim fathers at their secret press in Leyden in 1619. It was priced at $250.

"The content is unimportant," she said. "But the conditions under which it was printed have a lot to do with the value."

AT THE NEXT display case, a mild and soft-spoken gentleman by the name of Robert Black was featuring an original letter from Custer ($275). In it, ironically, Custer had mentioned the names of the Indian tribes who were later to kill him. Propped beside the letter was a deed (priced at $95, excluding the land) signed by Brigham Young, who, we learned, never sold real estate to anyone but his relatives.

"He'd only rent land to others, and in that way kept the whole operation in his family," Mr. Black said.

Across the room, Mr. Lew David Feldman had combined his initials to



make up the trade name of House of El Dieff, and he showed us the only original Thomas Wolfe manuscript available for sale. It was titled "What a Writer Reads," and was offered for $2,200.

We asked him how a treasure like the Wolfe manuscript makes its way to a dealer.

"I always avoid disclosing our technical operations," he said. "Guess you might call it a does-Macy's-tell-Gimbel's policy."

OTHER TREASURES, scattered about in the stalls and constantly under the eye of the Pinkerton man, included the 1782 Aitken Bible, the first printed in the Western Hemisphere, available at $1,350 (the British Government held a strict monopoly on Bible printing for the Colonies); a $500 letter from Einstein written in the Twenties; and a fascinating catalog offered by Richard Wormser, of Bethel, Connecticut. This innocuous-looking pamphlet may well represent one of the greatest practical jokes in literary history.

Seems that an impish Belgian bookseller of the Middle Ages decided to have a go at deflating some of the

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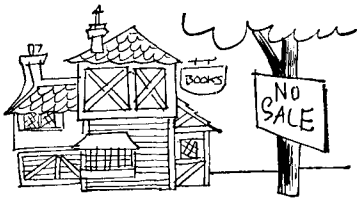
pretentious book collectors of his day. He created a list of mouth-watering rare books, all of them nonexistent. He then fiendishly described them in the catalogue to appeal to the personal tastes of the collectors. He polished his ruse off by creating a fictional "le Comte J. N. A. de Fortsas," and announced a special sale in the Belgian town of Binche.

The collectors arrived from all over Europe, to find a modest sign in the



town square stating that the sale had been called off. What happened to the bookseller is not recorded.

IN CASE YOU have a few first editions of some of the more recent novels around the house, Josiah Bennett of the Scribner's stall indicated that you might price "For Whom the Bell Tolls" at about $12.50; "The Yearling" at about $10.00; and "Of Mice and Men" at about $6.00.

About the latter, Mr. Bennett said: "I've got one here at that price, and I'll toss in a 20 per cent discount if you buy it."

Near the main door, Elizabeth Woodburn, of Hopewell, New Jersey, was tidying up some of the rare gardening, cookery, needlework, and agricultural books she specializes in, and we asked her what she was featuring.

"Why," she said, "I've got some of the best American pig books in the country!"

We made a quick note of this, nodded to the Pinkerton man, and left.

ONE OF THE TOP surprises of the current publishing season is likely to be Peter Townsend's sensitive and warm account of his recent trip around the world, "Earth, My Friend" (Coward-McCann). It is not only a sharp and penetrating travel book, but a moving spiritual experience as well. Most significant: the Royal family is not mentioned once.

TELEVISION HAS OFTEN been accused of slighting the arts and literature, but Bud Benjamin has seen to it that one rich and nostalgic period has been delightfully preserved on film in his recent production for CBS-TV's "Twentieth Century" series, "Paris in the Twenties." This half-hour film captures in stills and rare, original motion picture

EUROPE MADE SIMPLE: No. 1

Summer vacation is just around the corner, and naturally all of you are going to Europe. Perhaps I can offer a handy tip or two. (I must confess I have never been to Europe myself, but I eat a lot of Scotch broth and French dressing, so I am not entirely without qualification.)

First let me say that no trip to Europe is complete without a visit to England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, France, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Lichtenstein, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Luxembourg, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Finland, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, Russia, Greece, Yugoslavia, Albania, Crete, Sardinia, Sicily, Hungary, Romania, Bulgaria, Lapland, and Andorra.

Let us take up these countries in order. First, England.

The capital of England is London—or Liverpool, as it is sometimes called. There are many interesting things to see in London—chiefly, the changing of the guards. The guards are changed daily. The old ones are thrown away.

Another "must" while in London is a visit to Buckingham Palace. Frequently in the afternoons Her Majesty the Queen comes out on the balcony of the palace and waves to her loyal subjects below. The loyal subjects wave back at the Queen. However, they only continue to wave as long as Her Majesty is waving. This of course is the origin of wave lengths from which we have derived numerous benefits including radio, television and the A&P Gypsies.

Be sure also when you are in London to visit the palace of the Duke of Marlborough. *Marlborough* is spelled *Marlborough*, but pronounced *Marlboro*. English spelling is very quaint but terribly disorganized. The late George Bernard Shaw, author of *Jo's Boys*, fought all his life to simplify English spelling. He once asked a friend, "What does g-h-o-t-i spell?" The friend pondered a bit and replied, "Goatee." Shaw sniggered. "Pshaw," said Shaw. "G-h-o-t-i does not spell goatee. It spells *fish*. *Gh* as in enough, *o* as in *women*, *ti* as in *motion*."

It must be remembered, however, that Shaw was a vegetarian—which, all in all, was probably a good thing. As Disraeli once remarked to Guy Fawkes, "If Shaw were not a vegetarian, no lamb chop in London would be safe."

But I digress. We were speaking of the palace of the Duke of Marlborough—or Marlboro, as it is called in the United States. It is called Marlboro by every smoker who knows flavor did not go out when filters came in. Be sure you are well supplied with Marlboros when you make your trip abroad. After a long tiring day of sightseeing, there is nothing so welcome as a fine, flavorful Marlboro and a foot bath with hot Epsom salts.

Epsom salts can be obtained in England at Epsom Downs. Kensington salts can be obtained at Kensington Gardens, Albert salts can be obtained at Albert Hall, Hyde salts can be obtained at Hyde Park, and the crown jewels can be obtained at the Tower of London.

Well sir, now you know all you need to know about England. Next week we will visit the Land of the Midnight Sun—France.

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* * *

And you also know all you need to know about smoking: Marlboro if you want the best of the filter cigarettes—Philip Morris if you want the best of the unfiltered cigarettes.

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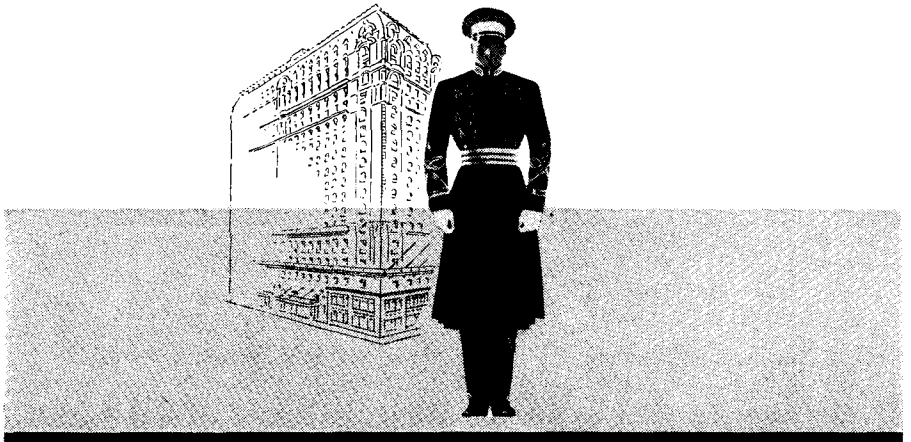

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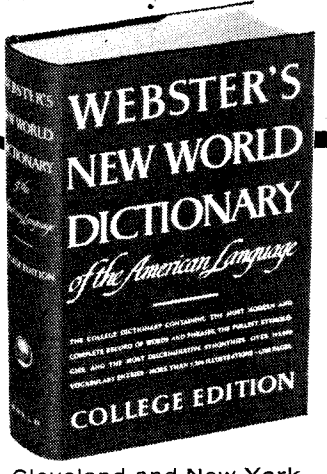

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footage the personalities of Hemingway, Stein, Joyce, Ravel, Fitzgerald, Eliot, Wilder, Dos Passos, Pound, Colette, and many others in their Paris days on the Left Bank. The narration of Janet Flanner (Genêt of *The New Yorker*) adds fascinating dimension to scenes of Gertrude Stein in her studio, young Picasso at his palette, Fitzgerald at a café table, Joyce on the streets, Bea Lillie and Marilyn Miller cutting up at a private party.

Researchers spent months digging up the footage, some of it the product of home movie cameras. The portions involving Joyce were discovered on and reconstructed from 9.5-millimeter film, with sprocket holes in the center.

TELLING OF the lighter side of Britain's well-known romantic figures, William D. Patterson of this organization reports that the Duke of Windsor credits his healthy shock of hair to the use of this exotic recipe: take several cups of salt, several cups of Jamaican rum, allow to stand for several weeks—and douse freely on the scalp daily.

"ONE TROUBLE WITH HOLLYWOOD," said Bosley Crowther at lunch recently, "is that in the old days people shot to the top overnight with no preparation whatever for the heavy public responsibilities later acquired by them. They thought only of turning out movies and taking in the money."

Crowther's recent book "Hollywood Rajah: The Life and Times of Louis B. Mayer" has been widely praised as a social history of the film center.

"The early wave of movie makers coasted along on a terrific feeling of insecurity," he continued. "They were dealing in commerce, and that's all there was to it. Sam Goldwyn seemed to be the one major exception. He saw the new wave coming, and has ridden along with it with such productions as 'Porgy and Bess.' Most of the others were knocked out by the economic letdown, and the factory aspect of filmmaking has been reduced."

As a reporter, Crowther describes the early Hollywood personalities for what

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1360)

D. C. Peattie:

ALMANAC FOR MODERNS

The time to hear bird music is between four and six in the morning. Seven o'clock is not too late, but by eight the fine rapture is over, due, I suspect, to the contentment of the inner man that comes with breakfast. A poet should always be hungry or have a lost love.

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they were, sometimes with brutal frankness.

"I toyed with the idea of doing this book as a novel," he said. "But the times were so fantastic and bizarre that no one could believe them in fiction form. How could you fictionalize Mayer as the crybaby he was? He would burst into tears at the most banal situations—a thing as simple as not being invited to a preview. He was very vulnerable emotionally. And again, it was all the result of his insecurity. But that's Hollywood—a big machine that pulled people into its maw and chewed them up."

In spite of his penetrating outlook on movies, Crowther reveals affection and respect for Hollywood, and continues his work as the dean of motion picture critics.

IT WASN'T TOO long ago that Muzak got rolling across the country to soothe customers in restaurants, lathe operators in factories, typists at their desks, and patients in dentists' chairs. But only the wildest imagination could have predicted some of its recent uses.

A florist in Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, claims that his flowers have grown straighter, stronger, and more beautiful since he began using Muzak in his greenhouses.

A poultry raiser in East Granby, Connecticut, says his chickens grow fatter listening to dulcet strains, thinner when they hear progressive stuff.

While chickens grow fatter, Slenderella finds that the music helps take off human poundage.

But the most comforting news is this: There isn't a single case on record of payola as far as Muzak is concerned. —JOHN G. FULLER.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 879

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 879 will be found in the next issue.

CXA DFSN COGA BADBSA
LOMSOEA PDMMOB
OM KXAF NDQ PDMMOB
TYDQC CXAG.
–KOSS HDPAHM.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 878

Perhaps the best thing about the future is that it only comes one day at a time.
—DEAN ACHESON.

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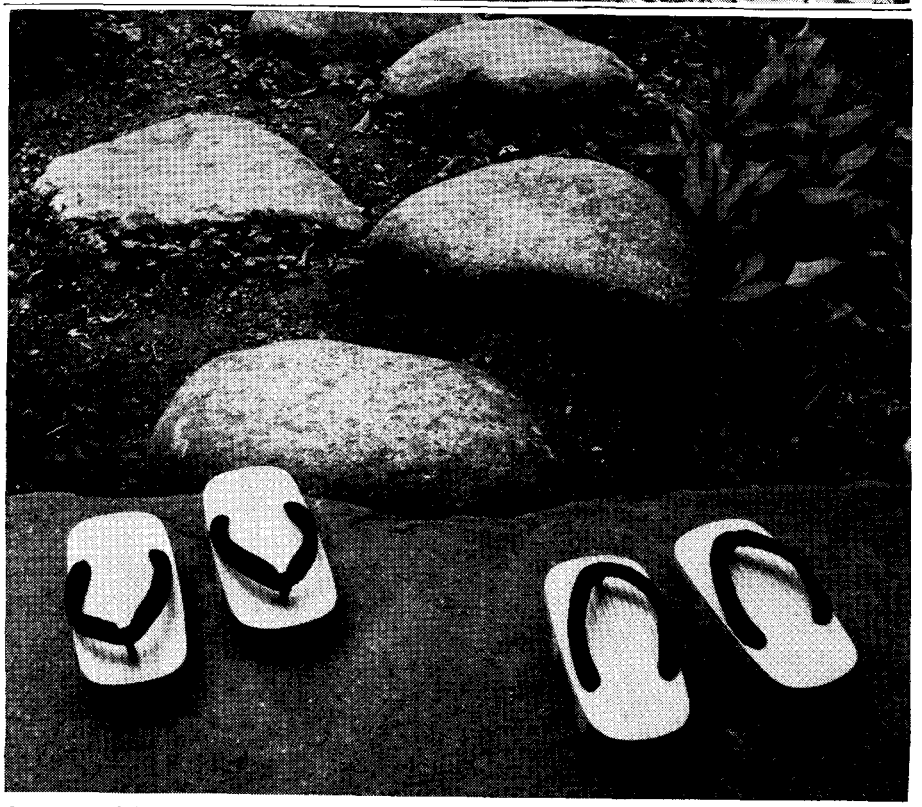

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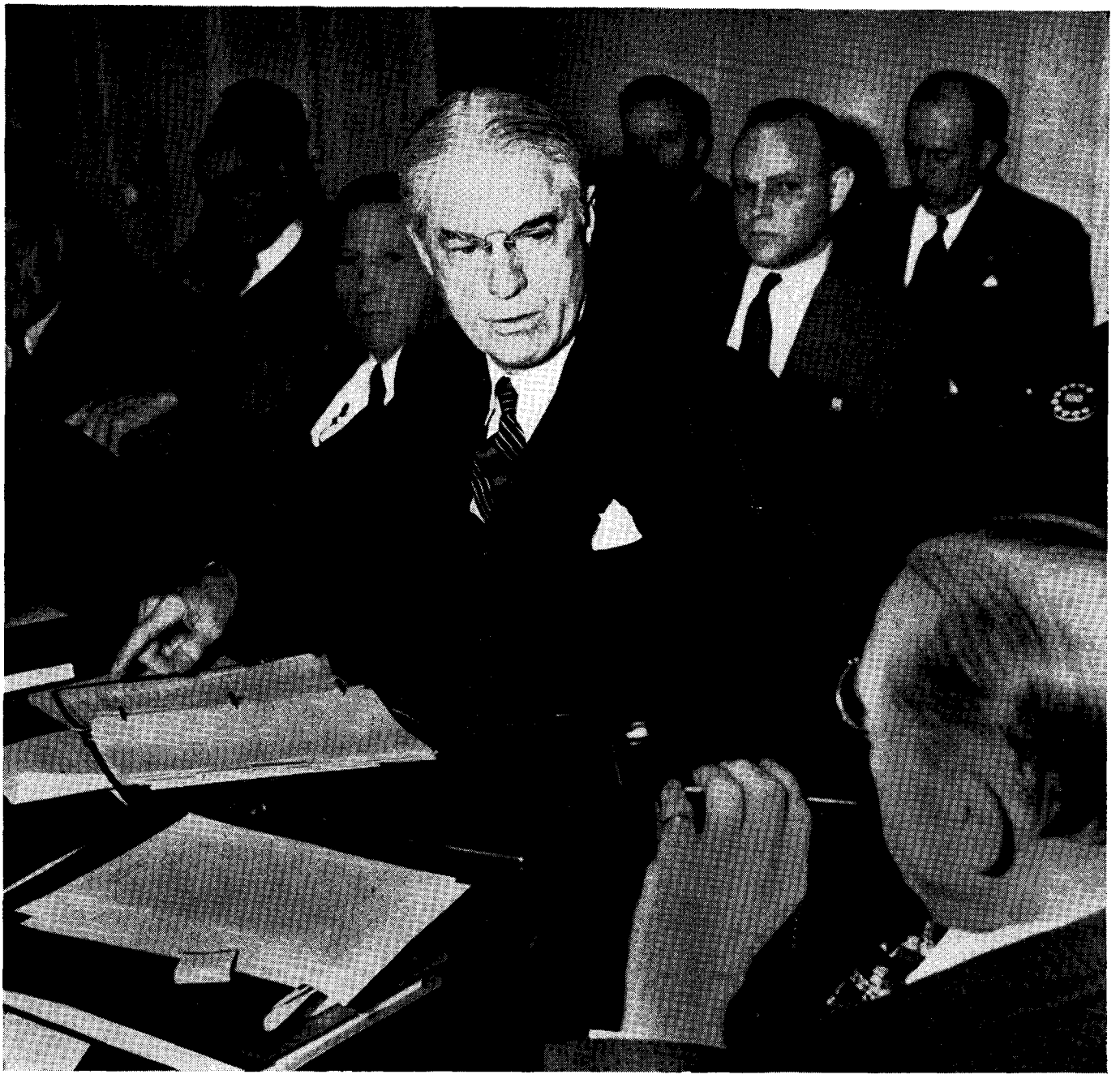

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Saturday Review
APRIL 23, 1960

DOES HISTORY HAVE A FUTURE?

By LOUIS J. HALLE, *author of "Civilization and Foreign Policy" and other books. Mr. Halle is now serving as visiting professor of international relations at the Graduate Institute of International Studies in Geneva, Switzerland.*

AS THE nineteenth century passed, men became increasingly conscious of the fact that they were moving through time; conscious of it as they had hardly been at all before. Geological studies, undertaken for the first time, showed how much time the world had already moved through. The history of human societies, and even of mankind as a whole, became a new academic subject. Darwinism gave dramatic evidence that we men had always been on a sort of production line, that we had always been in the making and presumably still were in the making.

The new idea of evolution, which did not remain confined to the natural sciences, gave cause for optimism. Opposed to the nostalgia one felt as the old scenes fell behind, opposed to the insecurity that came from having constantly to face new and unfamiliar situations, was the belief that we were moving through time in the direction of a progressive betterment. We were going up from the ape, up toward the omnipotent superman (in the scientific eschatology) who was all brain and master of his environment. We were rising out of the jungle toward some eventually perfected civilization in which we would all push buttons for a living. The spectacular development of the physical sciences, just at this time, suggested to our forebears in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries that we were, in fact, approaching the point of arrival at last. The station was just around the next bend. My generation, therefore, was raised in the confidence of a linear progress from primitive beginnings to a scientific Utopia that we thought we might live to see. (Our parents used to tell us, in fact, that though they would not live to see it, we would.)

ALREADY, however, the reaction to the concept of a linear progress was building up in the minds of the *fin de siècle* intellectuals—men like Henry and Brooks Adams, like Oswald Spengler. Concerned with the life of the mind and the spirit, they saw the increasing vulgarization of our age, an expression of mass democracy with its materialism, its sordid or trivial preoccupations, its spiritual rootlessness, its lack of any cultivated inner discipline, and its consequent instability. The imminent passing of the *Pax Britannica*, under which order had been kept throughout the world; the rise of undomesticated new empires in Germany and Japan; the rise of a still uncouth America; and the decreasing power of the cultivated "governing classes" everywhere—all these tendencies gave rise to the plausible notion that our civilization, like the classical Greco-Roman civilization before it, was in the decline that would lead to its fall. A renewal of the Dark Ages was freely predicted and, with Spengler and Toynbee, the cyclical concept of history, the concept that it repeated itself in cycles, came to replace the concept of a linear progress in the common mind.

NOW the cyclical concept of history, too, has had its day in fashion and has fallen into the disdain that always awaits yesterday's fashions. It has moved from the realm of "what we now know" into the realm of "what people used to believe."

What has replaced it? What is it that we now know? Where have we at last arrived in our thinking?

The clearest answer may be found, I think, in the view advanced by E. H. Carr in the first of the lectures he delivered in 1951 (and which were later published as "The New Society"). What has replaced the cyclical concept is the concept of cultural relativism. There is no objective pattern in history. The pattern that the historian thinks he sees in it is the product of his own mind, which has been conditioned by the circumstances of his time and place. The sky isn't really

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blue, blue being a color that exists only in the eye of the observer.

It is hard to escape the conclusion that this represents, not a new concept of history but the discarding of history as something that has meaning and reality. Mr. Carr is too intelligent to escape this conclusion altogether, although almost clever enough to do it. "Needless to say," he writes, "I should reject absolutely the conception once put forward by H. A. L. Fisher (and tacitly held, I suspect, by some other modern historians) of a 'patternless' history, that is to say of history as an inconsequential narration having no coherence and therefore no meaning for the present. . . . For me the pattern in history is what is put there by the historian." The reader has to be alert here, if he is to see what Mr. Carr does with the rabbit in his hat. He appears to save himself from nihilism or futility by denying (with a "needless to say" and an "absolutely") that he is among those who view history as being without meaning. History, he says, does have meaning. It has one meaning for Edward Gibbon, another meaning for J. B. Bury, and a third for Oswald Spengler. Needless to say, it would be ridiculous to maintain that it did not have a meaning for Mr. Spengler. It did have a meaning for him—only the meaning that it had for him was without any validity. (Now, where's the rabbit?)

A few pages later Mr. Carr writes: "To admit that our judgments are wholly and irrevocably conditioned is to plead moral and intellectual bankruptcy. But to recognize the conditioned element in them is the best way to put us on our guard against too readily yielding to intellectual fashions —of which the nineteenth-century belief in progress and the twentieth-century belief in decadence are excellent examples." The second sentence, it should be noted, does not cancel out the conditional first sentence, in spite of the "but" with which it begins. What I understand Mr. Carr to be saying is that, by holding no belief, we can avoid holding a wrong belief.

SPENGLER would have felt that this vindicated him, for he asserted that his theory of history was the last of the great creative concepts of the West, its swan song. After it, the nullity of an extinguished civilization would prevail. It is true that what until recently seemed a fruitful field for human thought, the philosophy of history, is generally discredited by Western historians today, who have come to regard it as a desert. This is the result of a combination of factors: cultural relativism, the rejection of value-judgments, and the unconscious assumption of scientific positivism that what cannot be proved does not exist. It has also been promoted by the increasing pressure on historians (as on all other scholars) to specialize, to eschew any attempt at a large view of history. The historian who knows nothing outside the War of the Roses denies that there is any pattern in history. (When he reads Spengler or Toynbee he finds mistakes about the War of the Roses. which confirms his opinion.) If this is truly where we have at last arrived, at the conclusion that history has no valid meaning, then we may as well abandon the study of history altogether.

To suggest such an extreme, however, is immediately to raise doubts in the mind and to provoke a reaction. For the fact is that we don't really believe history to be without meaning, any more than we really believe that the alternation of day and night is an illusion (though we cannot prove it to be otherwise). We have simply gone to such reactionary lengths in demolishing the theories of yesterday that, for the moment at least, the scene has been swept clean of intellectual content. But the theories of yesterday are like the grass we cut down this morning. They will be back again tomorrow.

I RECALL a conversation with a natural scientist, ten or fifteen years ago, in which he told me that no respectable natural scientist would be caught dead "today" advancing the theories of Darwinism. This puzzled me because, being an outsider to natural science, I fall behind in the march of fashion, and I tried to find out why Darwinism was considered wrong. But the question for the scientist was not really whether it was right or wrong. All I could find out from him was that it was rejected by all thinkers considered sound "today." A few years later, by the time the centenary of the publication of "The Origin of Species" had come around, it was once more back in fashion, and I daresay my natural scientist was giving lectures in which he extolled it. (The debate, by this time, is not over the validity of Darwinism but, rather, over the question whether a rather stuffy Victorian gentleman, not at all a popular type, wasn't being given too much credit by having his name attached to it.)

One of these days we may recognize that there are some things in Spengler

(*Continued on page* 56)

"Max, you've done it again."

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The Fine Art of Photography

DOES PHOTOGRAPHY deserve to be accepted as one of the fine arts? One significant piece of evidence lies in an experiment known as Photography in the Fine Arts, which will soon celebrate its first anniversary with a new exhibit at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Exhibit II, a larger and more comprehensive successor to last year's inaugural PFA show, will be housed in three galleries of the Metropolitan from May 20 through September 4. Then, like the 1959 exhibit, it will be circulated among some of the foremost museums of the country.

The idea behind Photography in the Fine Arts has been primarily to collect the finest in photography for preservation in museums. An important milestone in this direction was the Metropolitan's acquisition of the eighty-five pictures in the 1959 exhibition for its permanent collection of prints. Although this is by no means the first time an art museum has collected photographs, it is the first time prints have been shown as "works of art," alongside other fine art.

The task of searching for and judging the 1960 pictures is completed. One of the most helpful developments was the announcement by the 10,000-member Photographic Society of America that it would assist in the search for fine amateur pictures. This national photographic organization, the largest in the country, devoted five pages of its January, 1960, *Journal* to the PFA story. All members of the society, as well as outside amateurs, were invited to contribute their best work to a special jury for screening before presentation to the national jury of Photography in the Fine Arts.

Those who have followed the PFA story from the beginning (*SR*, May 16, 1959) know of its growing pains. It was a year ago that fourteen men and women* gathered in the studio of Ivan Dmitri, PFA director, to study 438 photographs, from which were winnowed the eighty-five that were chosen to make up the first exhibition. This 1959 panel, representing a diversity of artistic and professional backgrounds, is generally optimistic about the great strides that creative photography has made in achieving further recognition as a valid art form. "We feel that they have met the challenge: to judge photographs not for any purely technical considerations, but simply as works of art—for their immediate esthetic impact," says Dmitri today. The fact that the Metropolitan Museum elected to show the exhibition was a satisfying form of approbation.

During the spring and summer of 1959, PFA set attendance records for a photography show. The museum's operating administrator, Joseph V. Noble, has said that the exhibit demonstrated that "photographs communicate directly and forcefully. People respond to photographs readily, comprehend them, and either like or dislike them right away."

After the four-month show at the Metropolitan, two duplicate sets of the exhibit were prepared for loans to museums throughout the country. The itinerary took the show from South Hampton, Long Island, to San Diego and back. Perhaps the story of what happened in Richmond, Virginia, indicates the possibilities that lie ahead.

In October, 1959, PFA came to the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, a conservative art institution. Using the motif "Is Photography Art?" the museum placed paintings and drawings from its own collections in juxtaposition with some of the PFA pictures that seemed to embody a similarity of mood and style. Rembrandt's "Bearded Old Man," for instance, was compared with Richard Avedon's "Ezra Pound"; Sargent's "The Sketchers" with Irving Penn's "Two in a Canoe"; and Kienbusch's "Panorama, Penobscot Bay" with Sochurek's "High Altitude Flight."

Museum-goers were asked to cast a ballot on the question of whether photography is art. In two weeks, 599 art patrons voted; 549 said yes, 49 said no, and one visitor scribbled on his ballot: "Who cares?"

In November a large gathering heard a debate on the question in the museum theatre by A. Hyatt Mayor, curator of prints of the Metropolitan, Hilton Kramer, editor of *Arts* magazine, and Dmitri.

Leslie Cheek, Jr., director of the Virginia Museum, said, "The exhibition provoked discussions in our community, arousing a lively interest in art created in other media than photography, helping to bring more enjoyment of art to a larger number of people—which is one of the fundamental principles of any cultural institution."

Even the "who cares" man, who preferred not to wrestle with the issue, is included in this viewpoint. He symbolizes the praise, the criticism, and the thoughtful controversy which has been stimulated across the nation by Photography in the Fine Arts.

Those working with PFA feel that it has established for a new audience the value of making fine pictures accessible not only to the public, but also to the amateur and serious student of photography. Inevitably, the exhibit is causing repercussions throughout the camera world. It helped bring into focus, for instance, much new thinking about equipment, preparation of prints for shows, cropping, framing, and the production of appropriate, durable papers. More people, among them newly motivated amateurs, have been talking photography—and not in academic terms, either.

SUMMING up, Dmitri told *SR:* "PFA Exhibit II, which was selected by a panel again under the chairmanship of the Metropolitan's director, James J. Rorimer, will benefit from our having cast aside all the usual rules which have dominated photography competitions in the past. We did not set up arbitrary classifications such as 'scenics,' 'animals,' 'action,' and 'portraits.' The total and immediate esthetic impact was of prime importance.

"Invitations were sent out to a variety of sources, and the great winnowing process is now complete. We received the ready cooperation of the major publications, industrial and library collections, advertising agencies, museums, and such organizations as the American Society of Magazine Photographers, the National Press Photographers Association, the Professional Photographers of America, and the PSA. These groups were responsible for filtering many thousands of pictures. Their nominations were then presented to the jury for final review and selection of PFA Exhibit II."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

*Frank Baker, senior art director, McCann-Erickson, New York; Dr. Alfred Frankfurter, editor, *Art News*, New York; Joyce C. Hall, president of Hallmark Cards and art patron, Kansas City, Mo.; Bartlett H. Hayes, Jr., director, Addison Gallery of American Art, Andover, Mass.; Bryan Holme, editor, Studio Books, New York; Alexander Liberman, art director, *Vogue* magazine, New York; Stanley Marcus, president, Neiman-Marcus, art collector, Dallas, Texas; Grace Mayer, curator, Museum of the City of New York; A. Hyatt Mayor, curator of prints, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; Beaumont Newhall, director, George Eastman House, Rochester, N.Y.; James J. Rorimer, director, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; Aline B. Saarinen, associate art critic, *The New York Times*, New York; Dorothy Seiberling, art editor, *Life* magazine, New York; Edward Steichen, director, Department of Photography, Museum of Modern Art, New York.

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The Mail of Two Men of Letters

By Granville Hicks

LATE IN 1869 Mark Twain called at the office of the *Atlantic Monthly* to thank its editor, James T. Fields, for a review of "The Innocents Abroad" that had appeared unsigned in that magazine. Fields introduced him to the reviewer, William Dean Howells, and a friendship thus began that lasted until Mark Twain's death in 1910. It was a friendship of unusual interest, for here were the two most eminent men of letters of their day: Howells, one might say, the most respected writer of the period, Twain the best loved.

"Mark Twain-Howells Letters" (Harvard University Press, 2 vols., $20) is the record of that friendship and a worthy monument to it. The editors, Henry Nash Smith and William M. Gibson, the former known as a student of Twain, the latter as a student of Howells, have done a superlative job. Their notes tell the reader all that he needs to know. They have been diligent and ingenious in their research, but there is no showing off and none of the kind of fussiness over trivialities that has marred more than one piece of editing I can think of.

Although many of the letters, including most of the more important ones, have been published before, and although there are plenty of commonplace little notes, the collection is consistently fascinating. This would not be true, of course, if both men were not, in their contrasting ways, good letter writers, but it is not just the quality of the letters that gives the work its fascination. What counts is the presentation of the correspondence as a correspondence. Here is a conversation that goes on for forty-odd years, and the reader comes to feel close to both participants.

The two voices are quite different. Twain lets himself go, is often ebullient, sometimes explosive. His famous temper, directed against many offenders but never against Howells himself, frequently finds relief. He is prodigal with his literary resources, telling a story as artfully as if he were writing it for publication. His boundless interest in people, especially people out of the ordinary, makes itself felt again and again. (His brother Orion is one of his favorite topics.) Sometimes he chooses to be the funny man, and his jests are wildly high-spirited, but at other times, and not merely at the end of his life when there was so much sadness, he is depressed. When he thinks he has been at fault, and he often did think so, he is full of apology and self-abasement.

Howells, by contrast, is calm and matter-of-fact, never so high and rarely so low, but the reader soon comes to appreciate how warmly responsive he is. In his own way he gives himself as fully as Twain does. Again and again he sounds a cautious note, but Twain's schemes had to be approached with skepticism, and the extravagances of his temper had to be toned down. Howells's affection is always to be counted on, even when there is a lapse of as much as a year in the correspondence, and he is quick with encouragement and sympathy as they are needed. Nor is he always the sober counselor; he can be playful too, though never in Twain's gaudy fashion.

ONE of the principal subjects of the long conversation was, naturally, their writing, past, present, and future. In the earlier years Twain counted on Howells to prepare his manuscripts for publication, and the latter willingly took on the task in spite of his heavy duties as author and editor. The correspondence, as the editors say, gives little support to the thesis that Howells's prudishness was a blight; he was prudish enough from our point of view, but the changes he proposed were usually of a minor sort and, the temper of the times considered, were probably wise. Twain at least was quick to accept them, and I suspect that, if he had not been able to hand over the responsibility, he might have gone further than Howells went.

They liked each other's work, and they did not hesitate to say so. Howells was generous with praise whether he read Twain's books in manuscript or in print, and Twain poured forth his admiration, often commenting on each instalment of a Howells novel as it appeared in serial form. The unembarrassed enthusiasm is as refreshing as the pleasure each took in the honors won by the other. Howells, as one would expect, was the more discriminating: although some of his judgments seem strange at the present time, he had a sound grasp on Twain's essential greatness. Twain's comments are often notable only for their generosity, but sometimes he is penetrating.

A good deal of the literary life of the time is reflected in the letters. Many of the recurrent names—Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Bret Harte, Charles Dudley Warner, for instance—do not shine today with particular luster, and, on the other hand, there is not much about the man who seems to us the greatest of Twain's and Howells's contemporaries. (Howells, of course, was a loyal admirer of Henry James, but Twain said he "would rather be damned to John Bunyan's heaven" than read "The Bostonians.") What the book does give is a sharp sense of the way writers lived in the last three decades of the nineteenth century, their relations with one another, with publishing houses, and with the public.

Aside from literary matters, family affairs bulk largest. In spite of formal manners—"My dear Clemens," "My dear Howells," to the end—there was a deep intimacy between the two families. Forty years give ample room for births and deaths, for a huge catalogue of joys and woes. In the latter years, as both men suffered tragic losses, the letters are almost unbearably touching.

For the rest, there is a variety of themes. Both men were sporadically interested in politics, particularly in 1876, when they were equally excited about the cause of Rutherford B. Hayes, and again in 1884, when they fell into disagreement over James G. Blaine. In the later Eighties Howells grew concerned over social problems, and Twain shared many of his opinions, though he was less disturbed than Howells by the fate of the Haymarket anarchists. At the end of the century they fed each other's indignation over the rise of imperialism.

The collection does not greatly alter our conception of either man. Twain is still the wildly unpredictable genius who wrote one great book (and did his best to spoil that) and who created a multitude of inspired fragments. Howells is still the man who had everything but genius, and who, because geniuses are rare, continues to deserve our consideration. It is not a new conception that the book gives us but a new feeling, a more intense feeling for the two men as members of what Twain referred to as "the damned human race." Howells particularly gains, for he was at his warmest and most candid in his relations with Twain, but even Twain, whose humanity has never been in question, comes closer to us. This is a work that one can live with for a long time.

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SR's BOOK OF THE WEEK

An Evaluation of Darwin's Bulldog

"T. H. Huxley: Scientist, Humanist, and Educator," by Cyril Bibby *(Horizon. 319 pp. $5), concentrates on the protean career of the remarkable Briton rather than on his personality. J. H. Rush is now a physics consultant and science writer associated with the High Altitude Observatory of the University of Colorado at Boulder.*

By J. H. Rush

—Bettmann Archive.

T. H. Huxley with grandson Julian, 1895.

TO most of us, Thomas H. Huxley is known almost exclusively as the foremost advocate of Darwin's evolutionary biology. That identification tells much about the man. Yet he was far from being merely "Darwin's bulldog," as Dr. Bibby's meticulously documented study reveals. Here was a man of prodigious energy, of brilliant intellect and tender sensibilities, a sophisticated agnostic deeply faithful to the principles he followed, a scholar exquisitely attuned to the groundswell of his times, an eminently effective man of affairs whose vision of the future was prophetic. In such a context his championing of Darwin's hypothesis fits quietly into place. It was an inevitable expression of the creed by which T. H. Huxley lived.

The biographer of such a man faces an unhappy dilemma. If he develops his subject's career in the usual chronological order, the very multiplicity of involvements and activities obscures significant patterns and relationships. If he organizes his writing around various facets of the man's interests and activities, then the thread of the subject's unfolding life and personality is likely to be lost. Dr. Bibby has chosen the latter alternative, and perhaps that is the better for the purpose. After a brief introductory chapter on Huxley as a personality, he takes up specific aspects of the man's career, following each through its entire course and then going back to detail the next.

Despite its obvious advantages, this treatment proves disappointing. True, many of Huxley's significant activities are difficult to deal with. Committee meetings, lectures, and tedious negotiations do not make for lively reading. But even the personal incidents do not seem very personal: the man never quite shows through. The author obviously has devoted a great deal of research and study to his work; but the result, despite the richness of the material, has an encyclopedic dryness about it. It lacks the feel of surging vitality that must have marked the personality of T. H. Huxley. The story of a dynamic, forceful, charming man ought somehow to convey an impression of forcefulness and charm and dynamic movement to the reader—and that this book does not do.

Of content, however, there is no lack. Dr. Bibby has drawn freely from his many sources to round out a comprehensive account of Huxley's peculiarly effective role in the society of his time. As the author remarks, Huxley was a man "who above all is great because he possesses qualities which express almost perfectly the social needs of his time and enable him to serve his fellows best by being quintessentially himself." Of the possibility of such a role, Huxley seems to have been clearly aware: "I will leave my mark somewhere, and it shall be clear and distinct . . . and free from the abominable blur of cant, humbug and self-seeking which surrounds this present world. . ."

His active career spanned the period of upheaval from 1855 to 1895, during which the pressure for intellectual reorientation and social reform generated by scientific and industrial advances was erupting into practical affairs. In a time of widespread ignorance and misery, of disillusionment with tradition and impatience with hereditary privilege, Huxley's clear-headed humanistic philosophy and his humane sensibilities both found abundant outlets.

It is curious that, like Darwin, Huxley found his direction through a somewhat fortuitous scientific voyage, in a medical post on the survey ship HMS *Rattlesnake*. This experience led him, like Darwin on the *Beagle*, into direct examination and contemplation of many diverse forms of life, and initiated the professional studies that enabled him to appreciate the Darwinian hypothesis when it was published some fifteen years later. Yet, despite his outstanding ability in biological research and the studies that he continued to publish, Huxley's major influence developed in directions of public affairs. By identifying himself positively and fearlessly with evolution and other controversial issues, he rapidly became one of the best-known figures in Britain.

Of the thirteen chapters in Dr. Bibby's account of Huxley, nine are devoted to his work in education. He was involved significantly at every level from elementary grades to the universities. He served as lecturer, board member, committeeman, examiner, rector, governor. He campaigned persistently for educational rights for women, stumped for admission of able students from all classes of society, for modernization of methods and curriculum, and especially for a more prominent place for science in the educational system.

Huxley fought unceasingly for his humanistic creed, and for its practical application. ". . . there is no alleviation for the sufferings of mankind except veracity of thought and action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is when the garment of make-believe by which pious hands have hidden its uglier features is stripped off." He regarded all theological doctrine as the enemy, and denounced it whether in the guise of dogmatic opposition to the theory of evolution or of sectarian pressures for public support of parochial schools. On such crucial issues he gave no quarter and asked none. "Those who elect to be free in thought & deed must not hanker after the rewards . . . which the world offers to those who put up with its fetters." Yet in the end he gained the respect of his opponents and more honors than most of them.

An extensive appendix in the book includes lists of Huxley's principal publications and of sources of quotations, a detailed conspectus of his life and times, and a generous index. This is an excellent reference work, despite the encyclopedic style.

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The Modern Trend Toward Meaningful Martians

Science fiction has changed in recent years. No longer fabricated from the gossamer stuff of "light entertainment," increasingly SF has attracted serious readers and equally serious writers. In ***"New Maps of Hell"*** *(Harcourt, Brace. 161 pp. $3.95), SF is the subject of a thoughtful literary study by England's Kingsley Amis. Reviewed with it is* ***"The Best from Fantasy and Science Fiction"*** *(Doubleday. 264 pp. $3.95), edited by Robert P. Mills, an anthology whose stories illustrate Mr. Amis's theories. James Yaffe, whose novels include "Nothing But the Night," discusses what he considers alarming trends in current science fiction.*

By JAMES YAFFE

THE ARTISTIC climate of our world today is strange indeed. We suffer not from too much triviality but from too little. The simple, unpretentious comic novel is no longer published; the lighthearted movie of the Thirties has given way to the turgid epic about the atomic bomb. This peculiar, and sinister, situation is nowhere more evident than in the recent developments of science fiction.

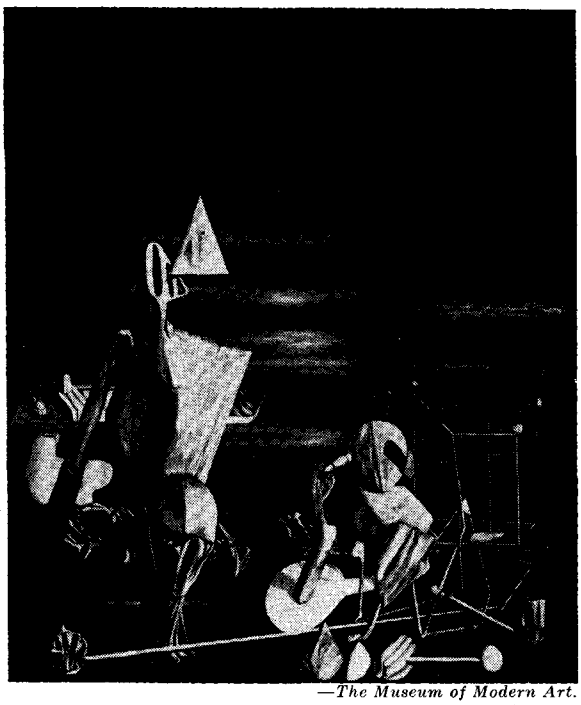
"New Maps of Hell," by the English novelist Kingsley Amis, is a serious critical study of the history, art, and philosophy of science fiction. It is an extremely entertaining book, full of witty perceptions about science and literature. Its basic thesis, however, is all too indicative of the dismal tendency of our times. Mr. Amis says that there are two types of science fiction. First, there is what he calls the "idea" story—a kind of puzzle-game, in which the successful player starts off with some ingeniously amusing or horrifying pseudo-scientific premise, then carries it to its wildly logical conclusion. Second, there is the "serious" story, which concerns itself with the most significant sociological and ethical issues: race prejudice between Earthmen and Martians, humanity against the machine, the littleness of Man compared with the vastness of Space. It is this "serious" type of science fiction that Mr. Amis applauds most enthusiastically.

In doing so he lines himself up, it seems to me, with the forces that are gradually destroying science fiction as a genuine and enjoyable form. In its beginnings science fiction, like the detective story, was all "idea," all a game. H. G. Wells's "The Invisible Man," as Mr. Amis himself points out, is not a solemn allegory in which the hero's invisibility symbolizes the isolation of modern man; it is a fascinating series of variations on the theme "How to Catch an Invisible Man." This kind of thing is limited, of course (perhaps it isn't really literature at all) but, then, it isn't meant to be, any more than a crossword puzzle is meant to be a serious study of the structure of language. In recent years, however, the curse of pretentiousness has touched science fiction just as it has touched everything else. Science fiction has developed a snobbish attitude towards itself; it has grown dissatisfied with being merely a game. It has become "sociological" in the same way that the detective story has become "psychological."

Writers in both forms have failed to see the trap into which they have fallen. As soon as they cease to play the game, as soon as they pretend to the stature of literature, they oblige us to judge their work by the standards of literature. The psychological detective story must be measured against "Crime and Punishment," not against "The Chinese Orange Mystery." And the sociological science fiction story must be measured against "Gulliver's Travels" and "Erewhon," not against "The War of the Worlds." Can we possibly be surprised at the results of such a measurement? In terms of originality, depth, forcefulness of style, dramatic effect, the "serious" science fiction story falls far short—for Ray Bradbury, let's face it, is no closer to Swift than Helen Eustis is to Dostoevsky.

IN an ideal world, then, science fiction would stop putting on airs and content itself with being the pleasant intellectual game it was meant to be. But it must be admitted, in all fairness, that its pretensions do serve one powerful, practical function. This is made clear in the new anthology, "The Best from Fantasy and Science Fiction," edited by Robert P. Mills. Both types of science fiction are represented in this excellent collection, but the two best stories happen to be examples of the "serious" type. Daniel Keyes's "Flowers for Algernon"—in which a mentally retarded young man is temporarily turned into a genius by a wonder drug—and Lee Sutton's "Soul Mate"—in which a ruthless businessman finds himself in telepathic contact with a simple, spontaneous woman—use science merely as a convenience for getting the action started. After that they succeed for exactly the same reason that all good stories succeed, because of the power and truth of their characterizations.

The paradox is that very few recent



—*The Museum of Modern Art.*

Yves Tanguy's "Slowly Toward the North," 1942.

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O. Henry Prize collections have contained stories as good as these two, yet they both appeared originally in a science fiction magazine. This fact reveals a state of affairs that practising writers have known about for a long time. It is becoming increasingly difficult for any really original, unconventional work to find its way into the formula magazines—whether devoted to the commercial or the avant-garde formulas. The science fiction magazines, however, *are* receptive to such work, so long as some small peremptory scientific twist is given to it. And so I suspect that many fine writers, tired of being too serious for *The Ladies Home Journal* and too unaffected for *The Partisan Review*, are deliberately putting their most interesting characters on Mars and projecting their most imaginative plots into the twenty-third century.

If we can get first-rate stories only by pretending that they don't belong to the main body of literature at all, then we will certainly cooperate in the fraud. But what a strange artistic climate we do live in!

BUTTON-PUSHER'S DIARY: Several years ago, some of the larger publishing houses—mindful of the success of certain small science fiction publishers and envisioning a new list of titles which might prove as successful as detective novels and Westerns—began to publish science fiction themselves. When this venture proved unsuccessful, they came up with the bright idea of offering what they considered outstanding science fiction without this label, publishing these works simply as fiction.

The fallacy in both these approaches, at least in so far as they apply to those with little or no experience in the field, is astutely noted in the current issue of *Fantasy and Science Fiction*, by Damon Knight, probably the leading critic in the field and himself a science fiction novelist of no mean ability. As Mr. Knight points out, publishing snobbery virtually dictates that the quality of a science fiction novel be judged by how little science fiction actually appears in it.

Mordecai Roshwald's **"Level 7"** (McGraw-Hill, $3.75) is a prime example of what Mr. Knight is talking about. While the publisher would undoubtedly argue that the book is "bigger" or "more important" than the ordinary science fiction novel, it does deal with events in the future; it does portray a society and a technology which do not now exist, and it does extrapolate from a fundamental situation today to what may be expected tomorrow. All these are part of the basic science fiction mixture.

Unfortunately, Mr. Roshwald makes rather a hash out of his well-meaning attempt to warn us of the dangers of push-button warfare, which is the theme of "Level 7." The book tells, in diary form, of seven months in the life of a Push-Button Officer on Level 7, actually a command post deep in the bowels of the earth which is charged with taking offensive action against the enemy should hostilities commence. The officer's job is to push, on command, the buttons that will launch a counter-attack, in the form of missiles with atomic warheads of varying ranges and destructiveness, after the enemy has struck.

His diary tells us of his daily existence on Level 7, so designated because there are six other underground shelters above it, as he moves from brooding over confinement in an artificial environment, through adjustment to the situation and a restless boredom, to the actual pushing of the buttons (after an unfortunate "accident") and the three-hour war which destroys most of the earth immediately and shortly thereafter kills off the remaining population, both above and below ground, through radiation poisoning. Since the leading character is entrusted with keeping the diary, he is naturally the last to die.

As a moral tract on the hazards of push-button atomic warfare (the book is dedicated with thoughtful irony "To Dwight and Nikita"), the book is excellent; as a novel, science fiction or otherwise, it fails almost entirely, especially when one recalls that this same theme has been handled time and time again far more effectively by lots of first-rate science fiction writers over the past twenty years.

While the prospect partially unveiled for us by Mr. Roshwald is a terrifying one, it could have been much more than that if his writing and creativity had matched the provocative theme he has selected. —Irwin Hersey.

Jessamyn West—a larger canvas.

West to Eden

"South of the Angels," by Jessamyn West *(Harcourt, Brace. 564 pp. $5.75), describes a conglomerate community of pioneers in pre-World War I California. William Hogan is the book editor of the San Francisco Chronicle.*

By William Hogan

WHEN ONE thinks of Jessamyn West, he thinks of a writer of intimate stories. "The Friendly Persuasion" was a warm, winning tale of a Quaker family of the Civil War era; "Cress Delahanty" was an equally beguiling account of an adolescent girl. These have been Miss West's two most popular and rewarding books, each welded together from short stories. For this Indiana-born Californian they established a reputation for style, characterization, humor, and impetuosity.

In "South of the Angels," her most ambitious novel to date, Miss West works on a larger canvas. This is an outsized, overpopulated treatment of a classic theme: the American pioneer on a new frontier. Miss West's craftsmanship is obvious here; her characters, as usual, are real and sympathetic. Yet whatever "South of the Angels" may be, it is not intimate.

The year is 1916, when the latter-day pioneers streamed into Southern California from Iowa, Kentucky, Colorado, and other points east of this new Eden. It was a land of sunshine, heavy with the scent of cactus apples and orange blossoms. It was a land of opportunity and real estate schemes.

The Tract, in Miss West's novel, was one of those innumerable California cities of the future. A land investment project hacked out of barley land, this unimproved acreage was broken into small parcels for the would-be orange grower. Here the new pioneer sank roots, the threat of the Kaiser's war be hanged.

The Tract lay south of Los Angeles, that onetime Spanish pueblo named for Our Lady, Queen of the Angels. It was not far from Anaheim, Gardena, Monrovia, Pomona, Whittier (where Jessamyn West went to college), and lesser satellites which today are strung like a dime-store necklace around the urban phenomenon, "L.A."

Now one might expect satire to be a key element in any novel of land booms and investment opportunities in this region of wonderful nonsense (the ultimate development, of course, being Disneyland). But Miss West is not

(*Continued on page* 50)

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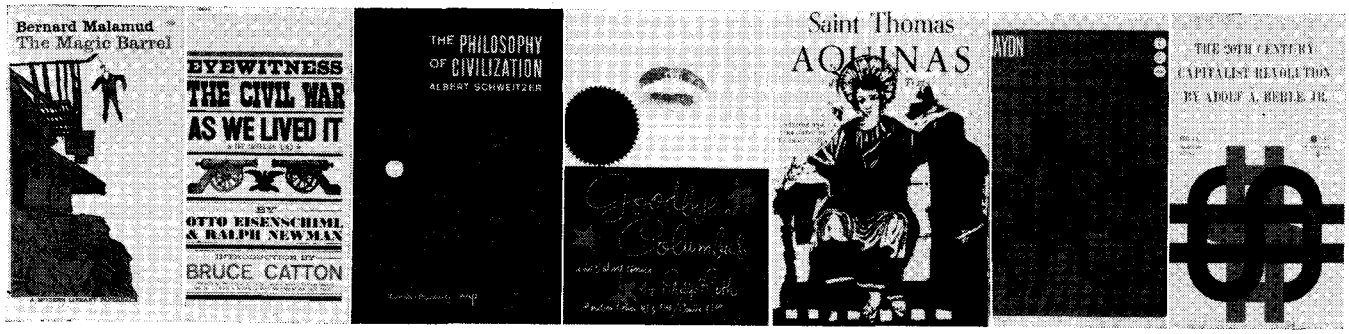

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

DOWN IN GREENWICH VILLAGE last week there was a big like blowout by Gold Medal Books for its new paperback anthology called "The Beats" (35¢). It's a collection of writings by such beatniks as Kerouac, Ferlinghetti, and Norman Mailer (actually the chief of a splinter group called hipsters). Because Kerouac, Ferlinghetti, Mailer, and Seymour Krim, the book's editor, were going to be there the party attracted uptown editors wearing ties and girls wearing like dresses. As we entered a couple of guests were taking off their ties ("We don't want to make our hosts feel uncomfortable," one of them said). We looked for Kerouac, unsuccessfully. A hasty poll turned up only four beards and two pairs of sneakers. Mailer, surrounded by a cluster of girls in blue jeans and like black stockings, was the center of attention. He wore a natty blue suit and tie. Saw Ferlinghetti, Krim, still no Kerouac. One little girl beatnik sporting a three-foot pony tail told us that the beats were through in 1953 but their literature was only just now catching on. Spotted Ferlinghetti; he never took his raincoat off. Nobody recited poetry, nobody chanted aloud. It was all like an uptown literary party only like without ties and without Kerouac.

PRIZE IN PAPERBACK: The new Meridian Fiction series had scarcely gotten underway when Philip Roth's "Goodbye, Columbus," one of the first eight titles issued, won the 1960 National Book Award for Fiction. It is believed that this is the first time a winner has been published in a paperbound edition at the time of the award. Meridian reports that the book has enjoyed a sharp upsurge in orders since the announcement; in fact the publisher had to go back to press with another prepublication printing. Booksellers, incidentally, report that browsers tend to touch gingerly the lipstick mark on Paul Rand's striking cover design for "Goodbye, Columbus." They seem relieved to find that the paint is not wet.

BY NO MEANS do we want to let pass without fanfare the publication by Bantam of "The Best Western Stories of Ernest Haycox" (50¢). Mr. Haycox, who died a decade past, was regarded by many, among them Ernest Hemingway, not only as the finest of Western writers but as a proper artist. It was largely he who transformed the stock Western types into believable people with real problems. There was scarcely an aspect of the West from earliest pioneer days until the turn of the century that he did not illuminate.

WHAT'S NEW: New American Library, perplexed by the oft-quoted 1959 Gallup poll estimate that only 20 per cent of Americans were reading a book during the month they answered the query, asks, "How could Gallup be right?" NAL then goes on to report that the lower-priced paperback industry alone sells over 350 million books annually, that book clubs sell another 70 million, and that hard cover publishers account for yet another 28 million. Can there be that many unread volumes on the bookshelves of America? . . . Attention, calorie-counters. Myra Waldo, whose tempting cookbooks have lured many a dieter from the path of abstinence, has now prepared "The Complete Reducing Cookbook" (Permabook, 35¢), filled with waistline-watching recipes and menus. How about this one: cocktails, hors d'œuvres, cream of tomato soup, Rock Cornish game hen with wild rice and artichoke hearts, wine, chocolate roll, and coffee—all this, promises Miss Waldo, for a mere 825 calories . . . Hemingway, who is already amply represented in paperbacks, assumes a new role as anthologist of Berkley's "Men at War," which includes accounts of famous battles through history, written by such distinguished observers as Hugo, Churchill, and "Papa" himself. —R.W.S.

FICTION

One of the happiest developments in the paperback field is the publishing of first-rate fiction which, while often enjoying a *succès d'éstime* in hard cover, never reached a broad audience. Certainly Meridian ought to take a few bows. Its energetic new fiction program, judging by its first titles, offers imaginative, intelligent, and tasteful selections. A few of the spring books are **"The Towers of Trebizond"** ($1.35), Rose Macaulay's all but unclassifiable story of love and metaphysics on the shores of the Black Sea; Frederick Buechner's stylish **"A Long Day's Dying"** ($1.45), Sybille Bedford's **"A Legacy"** ($1.45), an elegant re-creation of aristocratic life in pre-World War I Berlin, and Philip Roth's award-winning **"Goodbye, Columbus"** ($1.45).

Bernard Malamud also received the National Book Award for Fiction, in 1959, for his collection of stories, **"The Magic Barrel"** (Modern Library, 95¢). Like Roth, he writes about Jews in America, but the comparison goes no farther. For all of their humor and tenderness, Malamud's stories are closer to the darker, more tragic tones of Sholem Aleichem.

For lovers of whimsey, B. J. Chute's **"Greenwillow"** (Dell, 35¢) tells a gentle tale of a Brigadoon-like land where dwell kind hearts and genial people, a minister by the name of Mr. Birdsong, and a family, troubled by the father's penchant wanderlust. Not everyone can take this much fancy, but for those who can, this is lighthearted enchantment.

Nothing could be farther from such blithe spirits than **"The Don Flows Home to the Sea"** (Signet, 75¢), Mikhail Sholokhov's robust sequel to "And Quiet Flows the Don." At the conclusion of the first book the Soviets have won their revolution; this one in following the eventful time between 1918 and 1921 traces the arduous course of battle to win the peace.

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USA

Civil War buffs, and their numbers will only increase until the upcoming Centennial, will be pleased to find in paper covers Otto Eisenschiml's and Ralph Newman's **"Eyewitness"** (Universal, $1.95), an account of the war by men who lived through it. A vivid narrative is woven from letters, journals, newspaper reports, beginning with the views of a doctor stationed at Fort Sumter's garrison on to Grant's recital of the events at Appomattox.

In his lively and persuasive account of **"The Age of Reform"** (Vintage, $1.25), Richard Hofstadter argues that the most powerful force in our political life since 1890 has been the drive for reform. He traces the most important movements from the Populist and Progressive on to the New Deal, including along the way portraits of the more vigorous reformers.

When Clinton Rossiter's **"The American Presidency"** (Harvest, $1.95) was published in 1956, *SR's* reviewer, Denis Brogan, called it "wise, scholarly, timely." The judgment is no less true today, since the book has been updated to include an appraisal of the Eisenhower Administration. In fact, Rossiter's list of qualities which an effective modern President should have—bounce, affability, cunning, political skill, a sense of history—would be well to keep in mind while going to the polls.

Adolf A. Berle, Jr., has been in his time a member of FDR's "Brain Trust," Assistant Secretary of State, Ambassador to Brazil, and the author of many significant books about American economic and political life. In **"The Twentieth Century Capitalist Revolution"** (Harvest, $1.25), he maintains that today corporations cannot be studied only as economic institutions, but rather as "quasi-political" ones. He goes on to explore the far-reaching effects and responsibilities of these modern giant businesses.

MUSIC

Several biographies of musicians are included in the new Evergreen Profile series ($1.35 each). Originally published in France, the first books in the series offer **"Haydn,"** by Pierre Barbaud, **"Chopin,"** by Camille Bourniquel, **"Schubert,"** by Marcel Schneider, **"Schumann,"** by André Boucourechliev, and **"Ravel,"** by Vladimir Jankélévitch. André Francis's **"Jazz"** begins by tracing its origins and then brings the reader up to date through thumbnail sketches and brief appraisals of leading jazz musicians. All of the books are a good mixture of straightforward biography and interpretative criticism; they are lavishly illustrated, not only with engravings and photographs, but with scores as well. A "discography" appendix provides helpful information about available recordings.

"Beethoven: His Spiritual Development" (Vintage, $1.10), by J. W. N. Sullivan, is the famous 1927 biography, a book that has found many admirers and some serious detractors. At its best when it adheres to the events and background of Beethoven's life, it is often far too explicit in its analysis of the "meaning" of the music.

Howard Hartog has edited **"European Music in the Twentieth Century"** (Praeger, $1.85), a collection of essays on music and musicians from Bartok to Nikos Skalkottas. Most of the authors, whose names are unfamiliar here, are English musicologists. Their pieces about individual musicians seem thorough enough, but those which assay contemporary music in various European countries are too brief to provide more than the barest outline of musical history.

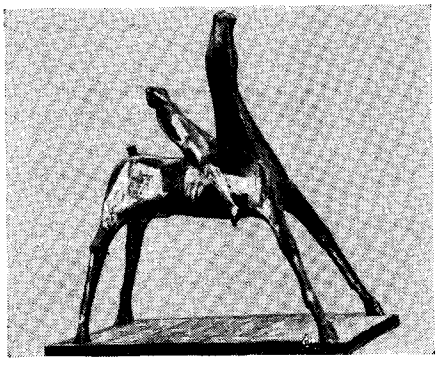
PHILOSOPHY

Two foremost contemporary religious philosophers, Martin Buber and Paul Tillich, are represented this month in paperbacks. The "I-Thou" philosophy is interpreted by Maurice S. Friedman in **"Martin Buber: The Life of Dialogue"** (Torchbooks, $1.60), a comprehensive survey of Buber's most important philosophical ideas. On his travels away from Harvard, Paul Tillich has delivered numerous sermons at colleges and universities. **"The New Being"** (Scribners, $1.25) is a collection of these talks, which proceed from a Biblical text on to a discussion of the dilemmas by which modern man is confronted and confused.

"The Philosophy of Civilization" (Macmillan, $1.45), composed of two books, "The Decay and the Restoration of Civilization" and "Civilization and Ethics," is Albert Schweitzer's inquiry into the nature of man and society. "The future of civilization," he writes, "depends on our overcoming the meaninglessness and hopelessness which characterize the thoughts and convictions of men today, and reaching a state of fresh hope and fresh determination." His statement is optimistic, affirmative, rooted in his belief in reverence for life and his will-to-live philosophy.

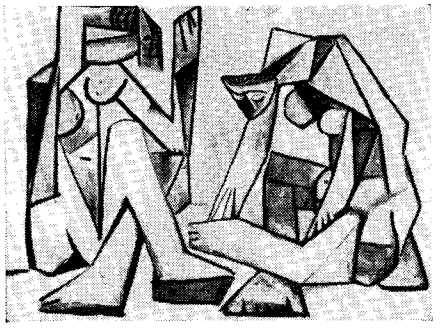
In **"Saint Thomas Aquinas"** (Galaxy, $1.95), Thomas Gilby, an English Dominican friar, has chosen from the philosopher's voluminous works his most representative writings. The text, arranged under such headings as "Love," "Happiness," "Consciousness," often reads like an assortment of brilliant epigrams.

Modigliani's "Italian Woman"



Marino Marini's "Horse and Rider"

Picasso's "Two Women on the Beach"



FOR those who didn't visit the 1958 Brussels World Fair and wish they had, and for those who were there but want to be reminded of the impressive exhibition, Praeger is publishing **"Fifty Years of Modern Art"** ($2.95). Emile Langui, the Fair's director general of art, has written an informative text to accompany the 337 reproductions.

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Of Death and One Man

CARYL CHESSMAN is scheduled to die in a few days.

Many others will die during this time—perhaps hundreds of thousands throughout the world. Yet the troubled attention of a large part of humankind is fixed on this one event. The reason for it has to do with the word *scheduled*. A man may die of illness; he may die of accident; he may die of old age or starvation or heartbreak. But the idea that a man can be *scheduled* to die—this is what jabs at the collective mind and causes it pain.

National boundaries, conflicting ideologies, differences of languages and customs and cultures—all these are transcended when a natural law is violated. And the most fundamental of these natural laws is that no agency has the right to *schedule* another's death.

The proof, indeed, that a human society or community does exist is furnished by the near-universal assertion of conscience on this issue. Members of various European Parliaments have appealed to the United States State Department. Belgium's Queen Mother has made a plea direct to Governor Edmund G. Brown. Throughout South America, people have committed their energies and voices in the case. In Brazil alone, two million people have put their names on a letter protesting the scheduled death.

An attempt has been made to attribute this outpouring of concern to Caryl Chessman's own publicity wiles. It is said that he has used his four books and the resultant profits to light bonfires of protest in his favor throughout the world. Certainly Chessman has succeeded in making his case visible and dramatic. But something basic is at work here that cannot be explained away just by reference to publicity techniques. What has happened is that people are responding to the most important question involved in the relationship of an individual to his society. When society decides it has the right to kill, then all the members of that society are bound up in the decision. All men are linked to the hand that pulls the final switch, and all must accept part of the responsibility.

The worldwide protest is not unnatural. What would be unnatural and frightening would be the absence of such a protest. For the great hope of the species is that there be complete freedom of movement in the moral arena, and that men make their way easily and effectively to the side of those who need help—however great the original wrong.

It is possible, too, that the world concern is a deep reflection of an anticipatory wisdom on this issue. The people of California will have the opportunity this fall to vote on the question of capital punishment. If, as seems likely, the vote will be to abolish capital punishment, and if Chessman will have died in the meantime, then the stain of the event will be great indeed.

Most of the issues in the case itself are side issues. Even so, they add to the feeling of uneasiness. Chessman has known the agony preceding death nine times. All the extreme torment that society feels justified in inflicting upon a criminal has been repeated time and again.

Another side issue concerns the technicalities involved in the original sentencing. The man committed no murder and was not accused of murder. He is accused of forcing a woman to satisfy him in an abnormal sex act. Rape in the usual connotation did not take place.

A clamor went up for the severest penalty possible. The particular sex crime did not call for the death penalty. Kidnaping, however, is a crime punishable by death. The fact that the criminal had ordered his victim to move from one parked car to another a few feet away for the purpose of carrying out his intentions was the legal technicality by which the charge of kidnaping was applied.

Another side issue concerns the fact that Chessman has continued to assert his innocence.

Still another side issue has to do with the character of the man. He has been described as impossibly egotistical, vicious, and unrepentant, all of which may be true. A similar side issue, equally irrelevant, is the contrasting statement that he has had a complete rehabilitation and is prepared to live a constructive life in society.

All these are side issues because even if they did not exist, the central and overriding issue would lose none of its validity. That central issue is whether the proper way to deal with criminals or the mentally sick is to kill them. And the line that divides the criminal from the mentally sick is becoming thinner all the time.

The fact that other men are now under death sentence does not weaken the case for saving Chessman. He has become the ultimate symbol of a long-deferred question. It is not necessary to applaud this man or even to believe in his innocence in order to believe that the question he poses can be deferred no longer. It is necessary only to believe in two concepts. One concept is that death has nothing to do with punishment. The second concept is that society is not an abstraction but an assemblage of individuals, each of whom accepts a portion of responsibility for the acts of his group.

Governor Brown has declared he does not wish to carry out the death sentence but is compelled to do so by legal machinery. But the California Supreme Court, acting in an advisory capacity, can recommend to the Governor that the death sentence should be commuted to life imprisonment without parole. This would keep the larger question open until the people of California decide it by ballot.

World public opinion enabled Governor Brown to postpone the march to the gas chamber some weeks ago. The proper address today to which new communications should be sent is the California Supreme Court, State Building, San Francisco.

There are no technicalities in the world that cannot be cleared away with the resonant sounds of public concern. And the public is essentially the magnification of the individual. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SOVIET WRITING

I AM HAPPY that you published Alexander Chakovsky's report on Russian writing [*SR*, Apr. 2]. I would have been happier if it had been accompanied by a scholarly and objective assessment of the extravagantly untrue things he says about the character of the control of Russian writing. He states that "we indignantly rejected 'Dr. Zhivago'. . ." Who is this "we"? The Russian people? They were never permitted to read the book. The "we" are the political commissars of the Communist Party. All one needs to do, to cite one out of many examples, is to read the decrees of the Central Committee of the All-Union Communist Party condemning the writings of Zoschenko and Akhmatova in the journal *Leningrad* in 1946 and ordering the discontinuance of that publication. The decree explicitly states that all literary work "must be controlled by the vital foundation of the Soviet order—its politics." This means politics as determined by the Central Committee, whose orders Party functionaries and hatchet men like Chakovsky carry out, and not by the politics of the Russian readers. If the Russian readers did not like Pasternak's or Zoschenko's works they would leave them unread. But they must first have the chance to read them or to continue to read them even if they displease the political police.

Mr. Chakovsky is faithful to the current Party line by admitting past "mistakes" and blaming them all on Stalin. He is free to do this only because Khrushchev criticized Stalin at the XXth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party. He would not have dared to express doubts about Stalin before. If the Central Committee of the Communist Party rehabilitates Stalin tomorrow, Mr. Chakovsky will eat his words and beat his breast in penitence.

A final and decisive piece of evidence that Mr. Chakovsky is not telling the truth about the conditions under which Russian writing suffers today is his failure to mention the eloquent fact that the very speech of Khrushchev before the XXth Congress, which gives Chakovsky the charter of permission to criticize as "mistakes" what he himself enthusiastically applauded, has not been published in the Soviet Union. It has been published in the West together with *all* the available works of Marx, Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin, and Khrushchev. (Some of Marx's writings, most of Trotsky's and for many years even some of Lenin's writings, e.g., his political testament, have not been published in the Soviet Union.)

If the West does not hesitate to publish the works of these political figures, including the exaggerated claims of the Soviet leaders about Communist achievement, is it at all plausible, as Chakovsky claims, that our failure to publish a few more Soviet novels flows from our fear of their praise of Communism?

I am all for publishing as many Soviet novels as is feasible. If they are good, they are a welcome contribution to literature. If they are boring and standardized and full of crude political propaganda, as they can hardly escape being if written under Mr. Chakovsky's critical tutelage, we can learn something about the character of the Communist system, the people it oppresses, and the humiliation it imposes on the creative spirits who will not knuckle under to the rule of Big Brother.

SIDNEY HOOK,
New York University.

New York, N.Y.

"But, Pythagoras, even if you *do* invent an eight-tone scale—what's to prevent some fool from inventing a *twelve*-tone scale?"

FOR A LONG TIME I have felt, as Mr. Chakovsky does, that Americans have not had sufficient opportunity to read contemporary Russian writers. Ever since the war I have made determined efforts to find publishable material. . . .

All the fiction I read was hopelessly naïve, even juvenile, in its constant preoccupation with "message." When Ivan worked himself up to a real passion he would take Marya's hand gently and tell her how miraculous it was to feel devotion to the working peoples. He never got much further than that, because he would then have to practise as he preached and go out and work.

I felt more hopeful about several books on natural history and on exploration in the desert and in the Arctic. But even here observation and reporting were insistently interlarded with Boy Scout resolutions.

I am still searching, but a simple conclusion has been staring me in the face. Many of us saw the exhibition of modern Russian art at the recent fair and smiled sympathetically as we do at the commencement exhibit at little Johnny's grammar school. The stuff the modern Russians are writing simply has no content for an adult mind. No wonder they read our authors.

EDWARD H. DODD, JR.,
Dodd, Mead & Co.

New York, N.Y.

SELF-CRITICISM

IN WRITING a review of his own book, "39 Poems" [*SR*, Apr. 2], John Ciardi has demonstrated quite unequivocally, I think, that it is indeed possible to have your cake and eat it too.

With all due respect (but no more) to this poetic factotum, may I raise the following question: Can a man really know if he has progressed from a juvenile jingle writer to a mature poet, when he doesn't have the guts to submit his work to the critical judgment of others?

MARK HOLZMAN.

Hollywood, Calif.

JOHN CIARDI's review of his own "39 Poems" is to be commended rather than condemned. Unlike an outside review, it provides significant insight into the author's poetry by indicating Ciardi's concept of art, Ciardi's value system, Ciardi's tone. Since there are very few absolute criteria for the evaluation of poetry, an outside reviewer, to my mind, by offering what the reader may get for himself, is superfluous. Mr. Ciardi's innovation is to be welcomed by all advocates of the extrinsic critical approach.

THOMAS BROWN.

College Point, N.Y.

INSTEAD OF having Ciardi review Ciardi, why didn't you give Anne Morrow Lindbergh the chance?

DANIEL E. DICK.

Worcester, Mass.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Orpheus Descended

THE NOTION has persisted that "Orpheus Descending" is a good play. The production of this fairly early Tennessee Williams effort at the Martin Beck a few seasons ago should have scotched the notion, but it didn't, and now it has been made into a slow, portentous movie called **"The Fugitive Kind,"** with Sidney Lumet directing agonized performances by Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani, and Joanne Woodward. Watching it is a painful experience, or at least it was for this viewer. It gave me the miseries, frankly, and I should state that in the past I have frequently admired practically everyone concerned with it. But they were up against some of the windiest writing Mr. Williams has ever perpetrated (the screenplay was done by him in collaboration with Meade Roberts), replete with dreary symbolism, and ending with a message bound to give almost anyone a clammy sensation. The message is enunciated by Joanne Woodward just after Marlon Brando has perished in the fiery ruins of a wine garden: "Wild things leave skins behind them," she keens over a snakeskin jacket formerly worn by the deceased Southern Orpheus, "so that the fugitive kind can always follow their kind. . . ."

Just what is to be done with the snakeskin jacket, and who is to follow it, is not made clear. We first encounter it when worn by Val Xavier, a Marlon Brando type with a guitar who has been run out of New Orleans because of his participation in some sort of wild party. We follow him, at any rate, to the small Mississippi town of Two Rivers, where the kindly wife (Maureen Stapleton) of the local sheriff offers him lodgings for a rainy night in a detention cell and gets him set up with a job clerking at the town general store, which is run by Lady Torrance (Anna Magnani) on behalf of her cancer-doomed husband, Jabe. Soon enough, Lady and the new clerk are attracted to each other.

Equally attracted to him is Carol Cutrere, the sodden daughter of the town's best family. Miss Woodward plays this haunted young woman in a loose dress, white makeup, and black eyes—and she in this get-up, and Brando in the snakeskin jacket, make a somewhat outlandish pair. They are drawn to each other, I take it, because both are representative of the fugitive kind. So is Lady, burning with memories of her father, who died in a blaze set by vigilantes. One of the matches, it turns out, was tossed by her own husband. The fugitive kind are not well liked in the town, and the residents keep hateful, suspicious eyes on the doings of Lady and Val, with some justification, since the two are soon bedded down in a little room in the back of the store. Meanwhile, Jabe, in his upstairs room, sets to work plotting his revenge against the fugitive kind.

The gloomy melodrama reaches its climax when the pyromaniac Jabe tosses a match into the wine garden built by Lady and Val as a kind of altar to love and life. To make matters worse, he shoots his wife before expiring himself, upon which the vigilante mob drives Val into the flames. The deep South, as any faithful movie-goer knows, has had a tough enough time already in other Tennessee Williams movies and in reconstructions of Faulkner novels, but it has never been painted so dreary as this. Perhaps it's time for responsible Southern citizens to commission a movie based on the biographies of Tennessee Williams and Elia Kazan, and at least attempt to gain some mild form of revenge. Note: such location scenes as there are in the film were shot in a camouflaged New York State town, the balance in a Bronx studio.

THE actors in the drama, which now and then allows some hint of the Orpheus legend to filter through, perform conscientiously, although they do take their time about it. Miss Magnani, unfortunately, has trouble articulating, an understandable difficulty since she is not only working with a language not her own, but with a variation of the language that would trouble native-born actresses. Miss Woodward is more lugubrious than pathetic, Miss Stapleton's work is hard to judge (since some of her characterization seems to have been arbitrarily snipped out), and Brando is hampered by his snakeskin jacket and the guitar he carries with him wherever he goes. It is a very valuable guitar, because it carries the autograph of Leadbelly. As for Sidney Lumet, his crime seems to be that he allowed the actors to do what they wished — pace and movement be damned. The trouble with the fugitive kind in this movie is that they dawdle and fidget and, I'm afraid, talk too much.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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"The priceless treasure of boyhood is his endless enthusiasm, his high store of idealism, his affection and his hopes. When we preserve these, we have made men. We have made citizens, and we have made Americans."

Herbert Hoover

Nature study program for Boys' Club members – Allegheny National Forest, Pa.

SINCLAIR SALUTES THE BOYS' CLUBS OF AMERICA *on the dedication of the Herbert Hoover Building in New York* – new national headquarters named in honor of the former President who has so skillfully guided the growth of the organization for a quarter century. From this building are directed the many activities of the more than 550 Boys' Clubs of America which are serving to build tomorrow's citizens for a better community and a stronger nation.

When the roots go deep, the tree grows straight

"A boy," Mr. Hoover once said, *"is a complete self-starter, and therefore wisdom in dealing with him consists most in what to do with him next."*

But wherever there is a Boys' Club, that's no problem. Under the guidance of dedicated men, there is always something for a boy to do . . . some interesting activity to catch his imagination and lift his eyes to the opportunities of a greater America.

And, in this age of greater leisure, many American families (prodded by a boy's insistence) seek *something to do next.*

And that's no problem either, with 150 wonderful National Forests to explore and enjoy. In natural wonderlands, like Allegheny National Forest, there are thousands of things to do. There are scores of woodland trails . . . 300 miles of clear trout streams . . . abundant game . . . delightful campsites . . . and, at "Heart's Content," one of the world's finest stands of white pine no axe has ever touched.

All these are for all Americans to enjoy; but boys, being boys, enjoy them most. And through understanding of Nature's ways, their own roots will go deeper. *They will stand straighter, and be better men for it* . . . men who can and will make ours a stronger nation, in a better world.

★ ★ ★

FREE TOUR INFORMATION If you would like to drive to Allegheny National Forest, or any other of our parks or forests, write Tour Bureau, Sinclair Oil Building, 600 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

Sinclair
A Great Name in Oil

ANOTHER IN SINCLAIR'S AMERICAN CONSERVATION SERIES

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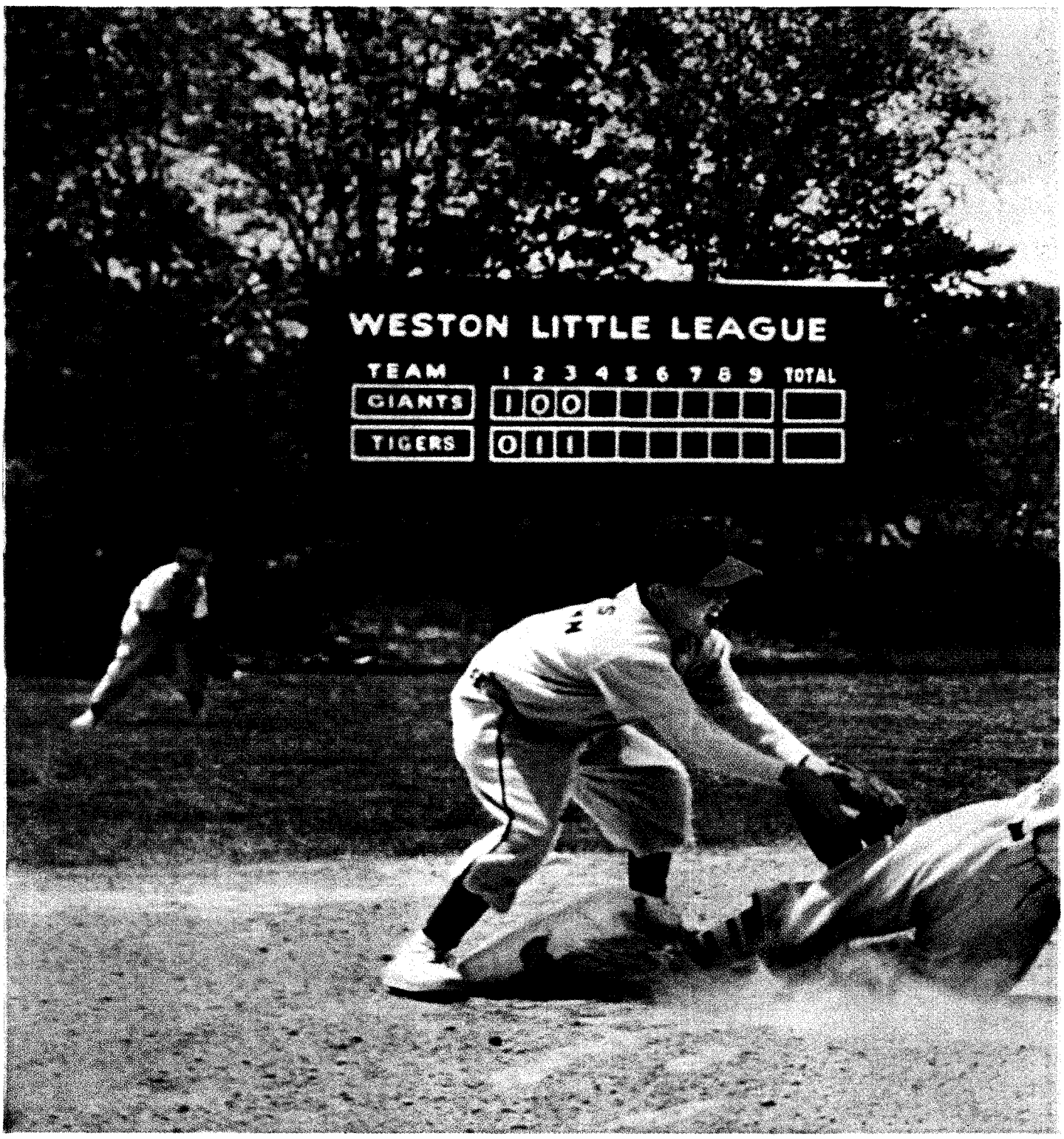

A banker makes a decision

a financial leader first, your banker is likewise a man of community affairs

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UMPIRING a close one on Saturday helps many a banker make wiser decisions on Monday.

That's because taking part in things close to the community's heart is a sure way for a banker to better know the people and their financial needs.

In that way, a banker can have both the understanding and the insight to evaluate an individual's financial problem, counsel local businessmen, work wisely and profitably.

In a nutshell, a banker has to be a civic doer as well as a financial counsellor. By taking on community responsibility and learning what makes his neighbors tick, a banker makes his bank more useful every day.

When all's said and done, it's usefulness that makes commercial banking so important to the nation's economy and the American way of life.

THE
CHASE
MANHATTAN
BANK

CHARTERED IN 1799

Head Office: New York 15, N. Y.

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

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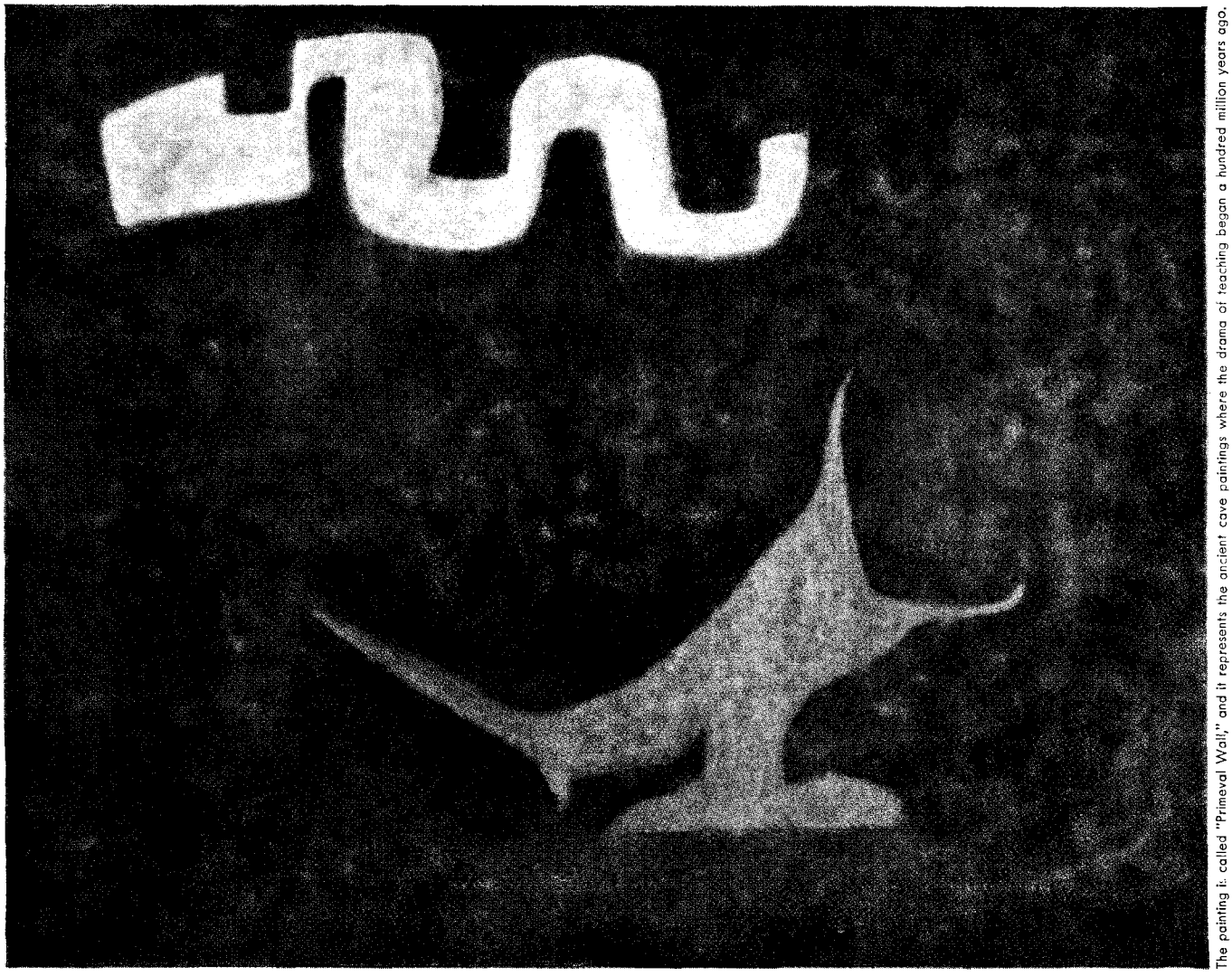
A teacher affects eternity;



The painting is called "Primeval Wall," and it represents the ancient cave paintings where the drama of teaching began a hundred million years ago.

he can never tell where his influence stops

HENRY BROOKS ADAMS ON TEACHING *from The Education of Henry Adams, 1907* Artist: William Baziotes

Great Ideas of Western Man... *One of a Series* CONTAINER CORPORATION OF AMERICA CCA

NO. 1. PUBLIC INTEREST ADVERTISEMENT OF THE YEAR

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SR's Eighth Annual Advertising Awards

Public Confidence and the Public Interest

By WILLIAM D. PATTERSON

IN AMERICAN advertising's time of troubles, when this proliferating profession and massive communications force on which U.S. business spent $11 billion last year is suffering a crisis of public confidence, it may be useful to hold a mirror up to its positive as well as its negative aspects. The purpose is neither whitewash nor blackwash, nor even so categorical an assessment as that of Thomas Jefferson in a letter to Nathaniel Macon in 1819: "Advertisements contain the only truths to be relied on in a newspaper." Modern critics of advertising might contend Jefferson's remark was even more a comment on the press in his epoch.

The present plight of advertising in official quarters in Washington and in significant sectors of public opinion has been exacerbated as much by too ardent defenders as by the quiz fixes, payola, and hard-sell abuses which provoked a national outcry in the first place. It is not enough to insist nothing is wrong or to condemn everything outright. Advertising is too important.

This powerful force should be scrutinized in the terms of Professor David M. Potter, chairman of American Studies at Yale University, who describes advertising as "one of the very limited group of institutions which can properly be called 'instruments of social control.'" Such instruments, according to Professor Potter, include the church, government, schools, business, and the press.

It is as such an "instrument of social control" that *Saturday Review* is concerned with advertising. In this capacity, advertising is not only the single most pervasive taste-maker and economic generator in our society, but it is even more an educator-communicator with an enormous impact on American attitudes and culture. Advertising employs all the media of communication to fulfil its mission, a mission that today includes the projection of the philosophic concepts, ideas, policies, activities, and aims of U.S. business in our contemporary business civilization.

One may quarrel with some of the specific policies and practices of business or the manner in which it employs advertising as its voice, but it is hard to deny that in our economic democracy today the survival of a corporation or an industry depends in large measure on public acceptance of corporations as socially responsible institutions. Out of this conviction has emerged the growing function of advertising as an idea-communicator or image-maker for business.

Because *Saturday Review* has been, and is, deeply concerned with the communications pattern in the United States, through which public attitudes and actions are decisively influenced, *SR* has observed with profound interest the use of advertising by our business leaders to shape public opinion through "idea" advertisements. It was out of this concern for the useful and constructive impact of such advertisements on the American people that *Saturday Review* originally established its annual awards for distinguished advertising in the public interest, and can now announce its Eighth Annual Awards.

SR's 1960 Awards were finally decided by a committee of twenty-five judges, including leading educators, editors, teachers, publishers, and advertising and public relations executives. Their willingness to serve on the committee is impressive evidence of the impact of institutional advertising on American ideas and attitudes and of the leading role of such advertising in the U.S. communications network.

After several months of evaluating

TOP AWARD AD: Reproduced at the left is what *SR*'s Eighth Annual Advertising Awards Committee judged to be the most distinguished public interest advertisement of the year. Voted No. 1 among the 1960 award-winners, it is an example of the Container Corporation of America's notable campaign on the great ideas of Western man. Each ad dramatizes some central doctrine or cultural achievement that has contributed to the greatness of Western civilization, helping to renew our own faith in a time of grave challenge.

AWARDS COMMITTEE

George V. Allen, *Director, United States Information Agency*
Courtney C. Brown, *Dean, Graduate School of Business Administration, Columbia University*
Leo Burnett, *Chairman of the Board, Leo Burnett Company, Inc.*
John H. Casey, *Professor of Journalism and Advertising, University of Oklahoma*
Fairfax M. Cone, *Chairman, Executive Committee, Foote, Cone & Belding, Inc.*
G. D. Crain, Jr., *Publisher,* Advertising Age
John P. Cunningham, *President, Cunningham & Walsh, Inc.*
Walter J. De Long, *Director of Public Information, Weyerhaeuser Company*
John R. Everett, *President, Hollins College*
Reynolds Girdler, *Director of Public Relations and Advertising, Sinclair Oil Corporation*
John W. Hill, *Chairman of the Board, Hill & Knowlton, Inc.*
Joseph Kaselow, *Advertising Editor,* New York Herald Tribune
Harold D. Lasswell, *Professor of Law, Yale University Law School*
William B. Lewis, *President, Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
Savoie Lottinville, *Director, University of Oklahoma Press*
J. B. McMechan, *Manager, Institutional Advertising, Ford Motor Company*
Thomas Mendenhall, *President, Smith College*
Alfred C. Neal, *President, Committee for Economic Development*
Theodore Repplier, *President, The Advertising Council, Inc.*
Elmo Roper, *Public Opinion Consultant, Elmo Roper Associates*
Anna M. Rosenberg, *Anna M. Rosenberg Associates*
Owen B. Smith, *Vice President, Leo Burnett Company, Inc.*
Willard L. Thompson, *Associate Professor, School of Journalism, University of Oregon*
Walter Weir, *Executive Vice President, Donahue & Coe, Inc.*
Henry M. Wriston, *President, The American Assembly, Columbia University*

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the whole enormous range of public interest advertisements in general magazines for the past year, the screening and judging process finally named twenty-eight corporations or trade associations to receive awards for sponsoring outstanding advertising of this kind. In addition, the notable "Facts about Cancer" campaign of the American Cancer Society and the "Register & Vote" and "Financial Aid to Education" campaigns of the Advertising Council, the non-profit, public-service arm of the business and advertising communities, were cited for distinguished achievement in the public interest.

Furthermore, as testimony to the influence of television and radio in the nation's communications complex, ten television and radio programs were cited which, in both content and execution, the judges thought had served the public interest well.

EIGHTH ANNUAL *SR* AWARDS: There follow in alphabetical order the names of the twenty-eight advertisers who won *Saturday Review*'s Eighth Annual Awards for distinguished advertising in the public interest, along with the names of the agencies which prepared the winning campaigns:

COMPANY	AGENCY
British Travel Association	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
Caterpillar Tractor Co.	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Chase Manhattan Bank	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc.	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
Commonwealth of Puerto Rico	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
Container Corporation of America	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Copper & Brass Research Association	*J. M. Mathes, Incorporated*
Esso Standard, Division of Humble Oil & Refining Co.	*McCann-Erickson, Incorporated*
General Dynamics Corporation	*D'Arcy Advertising Company*
General Electric Co.	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
Institute of Life Insurance	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
International Business Machines Corp.	*Benton & Bowles, Inc.*
John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.	*McCann-Erickson, Incorporated*
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
Minneapolis Star & Tribune	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
Nationwide Insurance Co.	*Ben Sackheim, Inc.*
Newsweek, Inc.	*J. M. Hickerson, Inc*
New York Life Insurance Co.	*Compton Advertising, Inc.*
New York Stock Exchange	*Compton Advertising, Inc.*
Rand, McNally & Co.	*Fletcher Richards, Calkins & Holden, Inc.*
St. Regis Paper Co.	*Cunningham & Walsh, Inc.*
Sinclair Oil Corporation	*Geyer, Morey, Madden & Ballard, Inc.*
Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey)	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
United States Steel Corp.	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
Warner & Swasey Co.	*Griswold-Eshleman Co.*
Western Electric Co.	*Cunningham & Walsh, Inc.*
Westinghouse Broadcasting Co.	*Ketchum, MacLeod & Grove, Inc.*
Weyerhaeuser Company	*Cole & Weber, Inc*
Special Mentions:	
The Advertising Council:	
Council For Financial Aid to Education	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Register, Inform Yourself, Vote	*Foote, Cone & Belding, Inc.*
American Cancer Society, Inc.	*William Douglas McAdams, Inc.*

Because of the closeness of the voting in the Committee of Judges, eight runners-up for awards are also listed here in alphabetical order:

COMPANY	AGENCY
Association of American Railroads	*Benton & Bowles, Inc.*
Douglas Aircraft Co., Inc.	*J. Walter Thompson Company*
First National Bank of Chicago	*Foote, Cone & Belding, Inc.*
Glass Container Manufacturers Institute	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
Gulf Oil Corporation	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
Radio Corporation of America	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
Rolls Royce, Inc.	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
Westinghouse Electric Corp.	*Ketchum, MacLeod & Grove, Inc.*

IN recognition of the high stake that the country has in vigilance over the performance standards of all advertising, the judges also awarded a Special Citation—only the third in eight years—to the Special Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight of the House of Representatives in Washington. It was the hearings before this committee that sparked much of the current public debate over advertising methods and purposes. The full text of the citation appears on page 39.

The seven advertising campaigns that received the most votes from the Awards judges in the very close balloting were the following, listed in the order of preference:

1. Container Corporation of America
2. Caterpillar Tractor Co.
3. New York Life Insurance Company
4. Nationwide Insurance
5. *Newsweek* magazine
6. General Electric Co.
7. Weyerhaeuser Timber Company

Details of the various advertising awards and citations are given in the boxes on the accompanying pages. Several of the winning advertisements are also reproduced.

The awards comprise a gallery of which American advertising and business can be proud. They demonstrate that modern advertising is capable of responsible conduct in the service of the public. As an instrument of social control in the most powerful economy and society on the globe, U.S. advertising should be used creatively in the public interest, and such use should be recognized when it reflects awareness that that private interest is best served which best serves the public interest. These advertisements not only represent an achievement of which their creators should be proud, but also the high standards to which the profession can repair as the most constructive response to current and accumulated abuses, both for business and for advertising. Nothing would better serve the best interests of business, of advertising, and of the public. Certainly that is one step to take along the always rocky road to public confidence.

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Wanted: Responsible Advertising Critics

By JAMES WEBB YOUNG

EDITOR'S NOTE: *One of the pioneer builders of the world's largest advertising agency, Mr. Young is now an advertising consultant. He has taught business history and advertising at the University of Chicago, and is widely respected as one of the elder statesmen of advertising.*

I LEARNED my trade as a writer of advertisements in a religious publishing house, selling books by mail to Methodist ministers. My first big success was with a book called "Personal Evangelism," which had the worthy purpose of telling these ministers how to increase the membership of their church and, as the saying had it, to "bring more souls to Christ."

In such an activity I had no suspicion that I was entering upon what—much later—President Angell of Yale told me was a "*déclassé* profession." And I dare say the present writer of an effective series of advertisements, now being published by the Knights of Columbus for the Catholic faith, would have been as astonished as I was when I heard this.

My first warning on the status of the advertising man came on another campus. Early in the 1920s, in the midst of a busy advertising life, I had undertaken to get a solid physiological base for the study of psychology. And the famous Anton J. Carlson at the University of Chicago had agreed personally to give it to me in his laboratory.

One day Dr. Carlson introduced me to the late C. Judson Herrick, notable for his researches on the brain and nervous system, whose latest book I had been given to study. I said: "Dr. Herrick, it may surprise you to know that an advertising man is finding your new book on the brain of the greatest interest." Said Dr. Herrick, looking at me sourly over his glasses: "I am not only surprised; I am chagrined. As far as I can see there is no connection between brains and advertising."

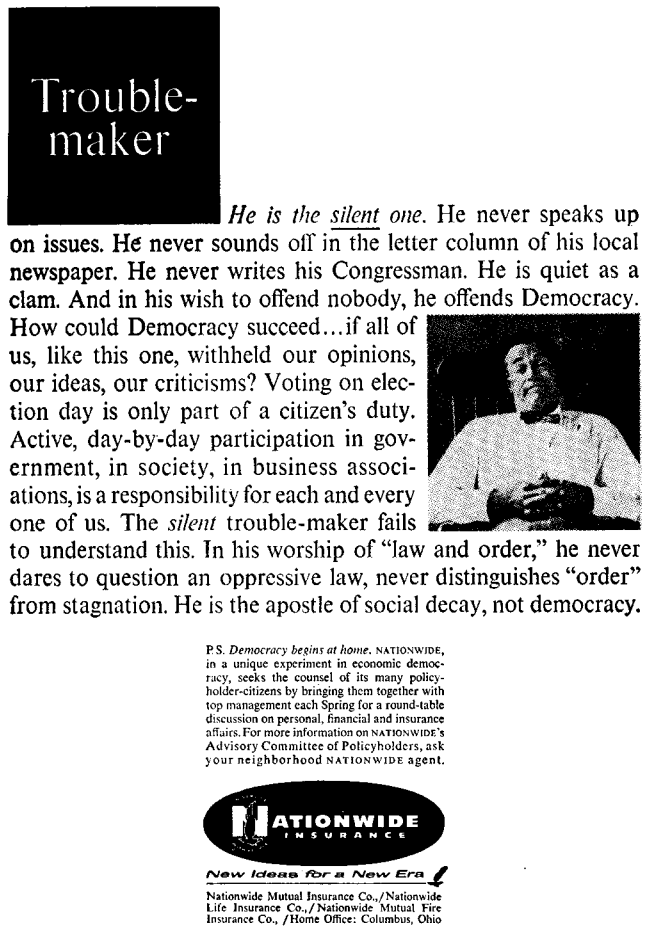
Since then, through the years, in my notes on many kinds of human behavior, I have recorded other equally sweeping generalizations about advertising, made by faculty members of Harvard, Columbia, Princeton, Cornell, Wisconsin, Johns Hopkins, and McGill.

But sweeping generalizations about advertising are not confined to the academic groves, nor to recent times. A notable piece on the subject came from the pen of Dr. Samuel Johnson, in the mid-eighteenth century. And currently, triggered by the revelation of rigged TV quiz shows, any number of people have gotten into the act.

Thus, for example, in a recent column Walter Lippmann seems to transfer the responsibility for this rigging wholly to the shoulders of "advertisers"—not to particular advertisers, and not in any degree to those of the educator-idol whose feet of clay furnished all the drama.

Note, too, the adverbs used by Father P. P. Harbrecht, S.J., in a recent booklet issued by the Twentieth Century Fund on his excellent study, "Toward the Paraproprietal Society." Speaking of such big corporations as General Motors, du Pont, U.S. Steel, Alcoa, and General Electric, he says (italics mine): "Their research and innovations transform our lives, *quietly* with home appliances or *dramatically* with atomics and space flight; *brashly* with TV advertising or *culturally* with subsidies to education." Is all the TV advertising of all these firms done "brashly"?

Now, let me say clearly that advertising needs, is entitled to, and can profit from criticism of the most public kind. It needs it more than ever today because advertising has become one of the most potent forces in our


Trouble-maker
He is the silent one. He never speaks up on issues. He never sounds off in the letter column of his local newspaper. He never writes his Congressman. He is quiet as a clam. And in his wish to offend nobody, he offends Democracy.
How could Democracy succeed...if all of us, like this one, withheld our opinions, our ideas, our criticisms? Voting on election day is only part of a citizen's duty. Active, day-by-day participation in government, in society, in business associations, is a responsibility for each and every one of us. The silent trouble-maker fails to understand this. In his worship of "law and order," he never dares to question an oppressive law, never distinguishes "order" from stagnation. He is the apostle of social decay, not democracy.
P.S. Democracy begins at home. NATIONWIDE, in a unique experiment in economic democracy, seeks the counsel of its many policyholder-citizens by bringing them together with top management each Spring for a round-table discussion on personal, financial and insurance affairs. For more information on NATIONWIDE's Advisory Committee of Policyholders, ask your neighborhood NATIONWIDE agent.
NATIONWIDE INSURANCE
New Ideas for a New Era
Nationwide Mutual Insurance Co./Nationwide Life Insurance Co./Nationwide Mutual Fire Insurance Co./Home Office: Columbus, Ohio

TOP PUBLIC SERVICE AD: Reproduced above is the advertisement named by the awards judges as a leading example of public service advertising. Part of a distinguished new campaign by Nationwide Insurance on the theme "New Ideas for a New Era," this particular advertisement emphasizes that in a democracy today it is not enough for a citizen to be merely a passive onlooker or freeloader in the presence of civic duties. Citizen bystanders are no longer innocent in a crisis world.

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Look at these wonders 7th graders have seen in their short lifetime
STUDENTS AT THE WASHINGTON IRVING SCHOOL, TARRYTOWN, N.Y., HELP SHOW HOW RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT ARE RAPIDLY CHANGING THE WAY WE LIVE
SPACE TRAVEL Robert Croke may someday help design and build the kind of space ships that his father only read about in science fiction. In the exciting new field of space travel, General Electric is contributing to nose cone, propulsion, and guidance systems and is helping to develop space vehicles.
SILICONES Gloria Alvado keeps dry in clothing treated with silicones. Products of General Electric research, these versatile chemicals have hundreds of uses in the home and in industry. Silicone rubber, for example, is used in a wide variety of products — from kitchen ranges to parts for jet engines.
JET POWER Larry Walton is a "hot" pilot who thinks propellors are as old-fashioned as knickers. The first jet engine in America was developed by General Electric for the U.S. Government. Today, General Electric jet engines power the world's fastest military planes and newest commercial liners.
ELECTRONICS Carolyn Beaulieu's transistor radio is a familiar symbol of the exciting new industry of electronics. General Electric made important contributions to the technology of transistors and rectifiers. A tiny new General Electric ceramic tube has been used to send signals back from beyond the moon.
ELECTRONIC COOKING Lenore Sherman may enjoy the ultimate in quick and easy cooking with this General Electric electronic oven. It will cook food with high-frequency radio waves — and cook it faster. A 15-pound turkey will be done in less than an hour; an angel-food cake, in only ten minutes.
ATOMIC ELECTRICITY Bill Herguth is working on the future as he helps build a model of an atomic-electric plant for a Science Fair project. General Electric is already operating the world's first privately owned atomic power plant and is now constructing the largest all-nuclear power plant in the nation.
THE FUTURE? Peter Rosi examines a laboratory model of a new General Electric invention: a thermionic converter, which changes heat directly into electricity. Although it is far from practical today, it represents a major scientific breakthrough and holds great promise for a new source of electric power.
What makes this progress possible?
These youngsters are growing up in an exciting new age — an age of acceleration, when invention is less a matter of accident and more a result of planned research; when scientific breakthroughs do not remain laboratory curiosities for long but are turned into products for people.
However, this kind of progress is not automatic. There are many costly and difficult steps in spanning the gaps from laboratory discoveries to actual products.
A company like General Electric is uniquely equipped for the task. It has the human and physical resources to carry out a broad program of research on many fronts. It brings together the engineers, managers, production experts, and marketing and sales people who work closely with the scientists to translate new knowledge and discoveries into products people want.
Only a healthy, profitable company can afford this kind of research and development — the source of innovations that can mean a brighter future for us all.
Progress Is Our Most Important Product
GENERAL ELECTRIC

TOP CORPORATE ADS: For only the second time in eight years two campaigns received an equal number of votes from the judges in the special category of Corporate Advertising. Reproduced above is a spread from General Electric's institutional campaign on the corporate theme "Progress Is Our Most Important Product," which identifies G.E.'s own research, innovation, and product development with the broad trend of technological and economic progress in the United States and for a better life for all citizens.

culture—ranking as an "institution" with the church and education, according to Professor Potter of Yale, in his book "People of Plenty."

But it needs that criticism in the form that the dictionary defines as "the act of passing judgment on the merits of anything"; that is, discriminating criticism, which applauds the good and damns the bad.

No one is more concerned about the misuses of advertising than the responsible people in advertising. And, in fact, they have been trying for a very long time to do something about these misuses. If any of the shoot-from-the-hip critics of this activity would take the same trouble to understand my specialty as I was taking to understand that of Dr. Herrick, these are some of the things they would find:

First, that the technical literature of advertising is currently filled with the kind of "good-and-bad" criticism advertising needs.

Second, that advertising people have promoted and secured the adoption of "Truth in Advertising" laws in over half our states, and have supported the work of Better Business Bureaus in policing these laws.

Third, that they have supported the purposes, if not always the methods, of the Federal Trade Commission, to prevent the use of advertising in ways unfair to competition.

Fourth, that in their various trade and professional organizations advertising men have drafted any number of codes of "ethical" practices—and have been busy reactivating these lately!

Fifth, that many important advertising media refuse to accept advertising for certain classifications of products; and that the largest advertising agency in the world has never undertaken advertising for "hard" liquors—all at a considerable cost to their revenues.

All these things have, in fact, brought improvements in the use of advertising, as a recent writer noted. "In front of us," he says, "is a 1913 advertisement pointing out the advantages of Postum over Brazilian coffee. Among the ills attributed to coffee: 'Sallow Complexions; Stomach Trouble; Bad Liver; Heart Palpitations; Shattered Nerves; Caffeine, a Drug; Weakness from Drugging.' We doubt

PUBLIC SERVICE CAMPAIGNS: In the balloting for the over-all Awards for Public Interest Advertising, the judges also voted for the various campaigns in three special categories to add precision to their votes. This box lists in alphabetical order the winners in the Public Service category. In two boxes on the following pages winners are also listed in the other two special categories, Public Relations and Corporate.

COMPANY	AGENCY
Caterpillar Tractor Co.	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Container Corporation of America	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Institute of Life Insurance	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
Nationwide Insurance Co.	*Ben Sackheim, Inc.*
Newsweek, Inc.	*J. M. Hickerson, Inc*
New York Life Insurance Co.	*Compton Advertising, Inc.*

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Steel is for springing surprises
Today's USS steels lighten your work... brighten your leisure... widen your world
It's Christmas! Wake up, you sleepyhead . . . time to pop out of that sturdy bed . . . it's rumpus-proof steel . . .
no need to count sheep on that innerspring mattress that lulls you to sleep . . . dash through the hallway,
fly down the stairs . . . there stands the answer to Mother's prayers! . . . a dishwasher, trim
and bright in steel . . . to lighten her work after every meal . . . and there in the family room, lo and behold! . . .
there are loads of steel toys in colors bold . . . steel colors as gay as the Christmas tree . . .
(and these toys will last—they're steel, you see!)
Steel
Lightens your work
Brightens your leisure
Widens your world
The STEELMARK on this tag tells you a product is made of steel. Look for it when you buy.
United States Steel

TIED FOR TOP: The other campaign that enjoyed top favor with the judges in the Corporate class was that sponsored by United States Steel. One example is reproduced above. Originally published in four colors, this advertisement stresses the basic theme that steel is the essential and unique ingredient in the manufacture of a variety of products that serve us by making life brighter, easier, and more interesting, for all the people—men, women, and children—of this country, whether at home, at work, or at play.

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if the present owners of Postum would O.K. copy like this today. Even if they didn't own Maxwell House."

But all this is not enough, and nobody knows it better than those hard-working creators of much of our advertising, inaccurately stereotyped as "Madison Avenue."

The reason why it is not enough is that, as developed in America, the set of facilities and techniques called advertising has become the most powerful single means that the world has ever seen for informing, persuading, and inspiring a people to action. As such, it becomes vital that its potentialities for good or ill become fully recognized; that the responsibilities for its use be squarely shouldered; and that the magnificent opportunities for its use in the public service, as now amply demonstrated in the work of the Advertising Council, be fully exploited.

It is therefore my thesis that what advertising now needs is to be given, in public print, the same kind of continuing, knowing, responsible criticism as that given to the theatre, music, the arts, books, and other major aspects of our culture. It needs a "career critic," keeping a steady spotlight on both the good and the bad in the uses of advertising, and on its unexploited social potentialities.

What would be the qualifications for such a public critic of advertising—assuming the judicial temperament of the responsible man?

First, he should know that "advertising" is a set of facilities and techniques as impersonal as electricity or atomic energy, and thus equally usable for noble ends or shabby ones. Hence he will avoid the "pathetic fallacy" of animating the inanimate, into which so many critics of advertising fall. It is *advertisers* who need criticism—not advertising.

Second, he will understand clearly the economic necessities which brought advertising into existence, and still control its use. These were well stated in 1870 by Walter Bagehot in his classic work "Lombard Street." Said Bagehot:

> Our current political economy does not sufficiently take account of *time* as an element in trade operations. But as soon as the division of labour has once established itself in a community, two principles at once begin to be important, of which time is the very essence. These are—
>
> *First*, that as goods are produced to be exchanged, it is good that they should be exchanged as quickly as possible.
>
> *Secondly*, that as every producer is mainly occupied in producing what

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CORPORATE CAMPAIGNS: An alphabetical list of the winners:

COMPANY	AGENCY
Douglas Aircraft Co., Inc.	*J. Walter Thompson Company*
General Dynamics Corporation	*D'Arcy Advertising Company*
General Electric Co.	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
International Business Machines Corp.	*Benton & Bowles, Inc.*
Minneapolis Star & Tribune	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
Rolls Royce, Inc.	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
United States Steel Corporation	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
Western Electric Co.	*Cunningham & Walsh, Inc.*

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photograph by Bill Ray

Pablo Casals dedicates his third San Juan Music Festival to Puerto Rico's "Operation Serenity"

ON MAY 1, San Juan's third Festival Casals will begin. Pablo Casals will play. He has also consented to conduct.

Music-lovers will rejoice at this news. But Don Pablo hopes that this year's Festival will have a significance beyond his own beloved world of music. He is dedicating the event to *Puerto Rico's Operation Serenity*.

The purpose of *Operation Serenity* has been clearly stated by the Governor of Puerto Rico himself.

"Serenity is the ultimate aim of our self-help program *Operation Bootstrap*," says Governor Muñoz. "We want every Puerto Rican to know that rising prosperity is not an end in itself. It is the servant of a *spiritual* purpose. You can see the signs already. After little more than ten years as a Commonwealth, a new creative upsurge is being felt in Puerto Rico. Our people are no longer despondent. They are proud."

Our photograph shows Pablo Casals taking his early morning stroll on a San Juan beach, where he goes to find his own serenity. Shortly before his eightieth birthday, this man of gentle manner and fierce principle was asked to give the world a message.

"My message is always the same," he said. "My wish is for happiness. And for people to have courage. And for people to manifest this courage in their love of liberty."

In the serene island of Puerto Rico, Pablo Casals is now watching his wishes come true.

FESTIVAL CASALS 1959—IN SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO

The Festival Casals opens on May 1 and will continue through May 22.

The Festival Orchestra will bring together sixty-two distinguished musicians in addition to the following principal performers: Pablo Casals, Julius Baker, Eli Carmen, Eileen Farrell, Mieczyslaw Horszowski, Eugene Istomin, Mitchell Lurie, Jesús María Sanromá, Alexander Schneider, Rudolf Serkin, Isaac Stern, Walter Trampler—the Bach Aria Group, the Budapest String Quartet, and the Festival Chorus (under the direction of Augusto Rodriguez).

Programs will feature works by Vivaldi, Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann and Brahms.

For information and tickets, write Festival Casals Inc., 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19—or Mayfair Travel Service, 119 West 57 St., New York 19. You can also book through your own local travel agent.

© 1959 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19.

others want, and not what he wants himself, it is desirable that he should always be able to find, without effort, without delay, and without uncertainty, others who want what he can produce.

These words are even truer today than when Bagehot wrote them. To understand the workhorse job of advertising in a high production-consumption economy such as ours is primary for any intelligent criticism of its uses.

Third, he must understand that the methods by which advertising gets the workhorse job done in today's economy have been greatly developed since Bagehot's day; and why in these methods are to be found some of the roots of the criticisms of advertising.

The original method can be seen, still at work, in the classified advertising columns of this magazine. Here is the simple process by which the man with something to dispose of finds the man who can use it.

But early in the expansion of the use of advertising it was discovered that the mere repetition of a name or trademark could produce a preference for one product over another. Remember "Gold Medal Flour—Eventually, Why Not Now?" This sort of advertising worked because mere familiarity is a *value* to the human being. It satisfies one of his deepest needs: for a sense of "at-homeness" in this world. You can check this, perhaps, by recalling when, in a crowd of strangers, you have found yourself gravitating toward one familiar face—possibly even that of a person not well liked. Familiarity is a value, and no advertising works which does not, in some form, deliver a value to somebody.

Then it was discovered that there is a function for advertising merely as a "re-minder" of something we are already "minded" to do. For example, to "Say it with flowers!" when you have a wedding anniversary coming up. A service, surely, in the cause of domestic tranquillity!

After this, as railroads made a national market possible, came a development in the *news* use of advertising. Just as the Associated Press came into being to gather and transmit general news, so the advertising agency came into being to gather and transmit commercial news, thus making possible the announcement, say, of a new model automobile on the same day everywhere.

But there is also another kind of

PUBLIC RELATIONS CAMPAIGNS: An alphabetical list of the winners follows:

COMPANY	AGENCY
Association of American Railroads	*Benton & Bowles, Inc.*
Caterpillar Tractor Co.	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Chase Manhattan Bank	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
Commonwealth of Puerto Rico	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
Container Corporation of America	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Copper & Brass Research Association	*J. M. Mathes, Incorporated*
Gulf Oil Corporation	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance	*McCann-Erickson, Incorporated*
New York Stock Exchange	*Compton Advertising, Inc.*
Sinclair Oil Corporation	*Geyer, Morey, Madden & Ballard, Inc.*
Standard Oil Company (New Jersey)	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
Warner and Swasey Co.	*Griswold-Eshleman Co.*
Weyerhaeuser Company	*Cole & Weber, Inc.*

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TOP PUBLIC RELATIONS ADS: In an exceptionally strong field, two campaigns tied for first place in the voting of the judges in the special category of Public Relations advertising. This was the first time there had been a tie in this particular category. Top ballots went to the distinguished campaigns of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico—reproduced to the left—and the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company. Again a winner for the fourth consecutive year, the Puerto Rico campaign presents the many-faceted appeals and advantages of the island's life, culture, and economy to persons on the mainland who may wish to contemplate the "serenity" of visiting, living, or working there in a friendly and secure world. Seen at right is an example of the John Hancock basic campaign theme: the creative contribution made to America by great Americans, a contribution and tradition with which John Hancock itself is identified. In this case the "hero" is Alexander Graham Bell and his magic wire—the telephone. Both these leading campaigns originally appeared in full color.

He made a magic wire talk your language...

It was different then. The old enemy of distance prowled everywhere. And people were separated by the bigness of this land.

That was what started young Alec Bell thinking. He knew well what it meant to be shut off from the sounds of familiar voices. You see, he was a teacher of the deaf.

It wasn't easy—explaining sound to those who knew only silence. He had to take hold of sound and pry loose her secrets. He had to find out what she looks like. What she's made of. And then he learned that sound was willing to learn from him.

So he taught sound to change herself into a new form—electricity that wiggled up and down along a wire and carried with it all the laughter and sadness and anger and love of men's every day conversation.

Wherever they strung Alec's wire, distance just shriveled away. The plain, friendly speech of the western farmer could be heard, clear and distinct, in Boston. A man in New York could find out how things were going in California without even raising his voice. Alexander Graham Bell's telephone was talking their language.

Some inventions change the way people live all over the world. If so many of them have happened in America, it's because in this country there's always a dream of doing things better. And part of that dream is that each of us can make it come true.

John Hancock
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Ask your John Hancock Agent about our new Signature Series—the most advanced life insurance contracts for every need.

"news," in the advertising sense. It is the kind of news you pay no attention to until you need to know it. In our long march from the cradle to the grave we pass into, and out of, many areas of experience. And as we do, our receptivity to all sorts of news changes. Thus the young woman who ignores the infant-feeding advertisement of today may become its most eager reader next year.

Then, along the way, came the discovery that advertising could be used to overcome human inertia. Hell is indeed paved with many good intentions, toward such things as making a will, taking out adequate life insurance, seeing the dentist regularly, and so on. In all such things the reward for action taken, or the punishment for action postponed, is remote and delayed. Advertising, by making more vivid such rewards or punishments, can often overcome the inertia—to the profit of the reader or listener as well as the advertiser.

Religions have always had to deal with this problem in the training of ministers, and here it seems always to have been a moot question whether portrayal of the rewards of heaven or of the punishments of hell converted more sinners.

Then, finally, came the discovery that advertising could *add a value not in the product*. And because these values were subjective ones (such as status symbols; or, say, the luxury of bathing with the same soap the movie stars use; or what Edith Wharton once called "the utility of the useless"), here advertising really got into trouble. For in this area of subjective values, one man's meat is definitely another man's poison.

In this area, too, our critic will come face to face with one of his most difficult problems. Advertising, like editing, politics, and even to some extent education, always operates within the context of the culture of its day. One irony of its present situation is that some of the people who are most vocal in their negative attitudes toward advertising, may themselves have contributed to some aspects of it which they most deplore. By supporting liberal policies for the wider distribution of wealth in this country, they have helped bring into existence a mammoth class of *nouveau riche*, whose incomes have improved faster than their tastes and subjective values.

In addition to such an understanding of the ways in which advertising works, our critic must grasp some of the trends in our economy which have major impacts on the creation of advertising.

The most important of these lie in our technology. Innovation has become

SPECIAL CITATION: To the Special Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight of the House of Representatives, Washington, D.C., for finally exposing the specious programming and advertising practices of television and radio, from the fixed-quiz scandals and payola to sponsor misrepresentations, which were undermining the integrity of these great communications media and endangering their ultimate ability and that of the advertisers to serve the American public; for setting in much overdue motion governmental policies and industry measures to remedy a sorry situation that had ill served the public interest; for reaffirming the unique power of Congressional investigation to safeguard the general welfare, a power too vital to be curtailed despite recurrent abuses of it by Congress.

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SR's TV AND RADIO CITATIONS: There follow the details of the ten television and radio programs cited by *Saturday Review*'s 1960 Awards Committee for distinguished achievement in the public interest.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY — LEONARD BERNSTEIN AND THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC — CBS-TV

"For a masterful display in a mass medium of the art of teaching understanding and appreciation of great music; for proving that education, entertainment, and impeccable taste are not necessarily incompatible."

AMERICAN BROADCASTING COMPANY — THE KHRUSHCHEV VISIT — ABC-TV

"For distinguished coverage of the historic visit of Soviet Russia's Prime Minister to the United States; for adding an extra dimension to this coverage by scooping the other networks in the best journalistic tradition by providing the network's own interpreter whose unedited translations into English of what the frank-spoken Soviet official said often provided an illuminating contrast with the smooth, diplomatic versions of his official interpreter."

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY — NBC NEWS — NBC-TV

"For independence of editorial opinion and willingness to comment sharply, often courageously, on news of the day. The team of Chet Huntley and David Brinkley have continued to perform responsibly at a general level much above what passes for news coverage elsewhere, being unafraid to ruffle feathers, or express viewpoints that by television standards are often provocative.

OLIN MATHIESON CHEMICAL CORPORATION — "SMALL WORLD" — CBS-TV

"For breaking through the parochial barriers of geography, participants and subject matter to establish a vital relationship between television and the real world in which the American people live."

BELL & HOWELL CO.
B. F. GOODRICH CO. — **"THE POPULATION EXPLOSION" — CBS-TV**

"For a forthright, intelligent, probing, exploration of a provocative, controversial problem, the critical race between the world's soaring population and the globe's uncertain resources of food and habitable area; for an outstanding achievement in television documentary from the able CBS Reports Series that used prime evening time for a serious dramatic discussion of a serious problem; for again demonstrating that escapism is not the only social function of television."

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM — YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS WITH LEONARD BERNSTEIN — CBS-TV

"For making classical music meaningful and enchanting to children; for proving that children are receptive to the best when pedantry is compelled to step aside for imagination, sensitivity, and artistry in a great teacher."

THE TEXAS COMPANY — THE METROPOLITAN OPERA — CBS-RADIO

"For faithful devotion year after year to the music-loving public of the United States, and for a willingness to maintain a high standard of musical taste despite advice from the marketplace to turn to more 'popular' radio fare."

PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA — "THE TWENTIETH CENTURY" — CBS-TV

"For adult, responsible reporting of the history of our times, illuminating the report with historical perspective so that the best gave added meaning to the present and some clue to the future."

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY — NBC OPERA — NBC-TV

"For original and tasteful presentation of opera to a mass audience, a splendid achievement in maintaining high standards and meeting the cultural responsibilities of a great medium of public communication."

NATIONAL TELEFILM ASSOCIATES, INC. — "THE PLAY OF THE WEEK" — WNTA-TV

"For creating a new television format, breaking through the old programming stereotype of the single slot, thus making available to a discriminating audience, seven days a week, a distinguished example of serious drama, directed, produced, and acted with a superb blend of taste, talent and dedication."

The following programs were runners-up in the close voting:

THE BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM — "THE BELL TELEPHONE HOUR" — NBC-TV

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION
ALLSTATE INSURANCE CO.
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO. — **"PLAYHOUSE 90" — CBS-TV**

MONSANTO CHEMICAL CO. — "CONQUEST" — CBS-TV

EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES — "OUR AMERICAN HERITAGE" — NBC-TV

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS CO. — "DU PONT SHOW OF THE MONTH" — CBS-TV

REVLON, INC. — "TONIGHT WITH BELAFONTE" — CBS-TV

an industry, as Dr. Sumner Slichter pointed out. Theoretically, our accelerated rate of innovation should produce more and more advertising news about distinction in products. But counter forces produce in some considerable degree an opposite effect.

One of these counter forces is governmental pressure for the preservation of competition. This tends to force a cross-licensing of patents which rapidly spreads any given innovation throughout an industry. Thus, for instance, when one manufacturer of television sets produces a more compact tube, soon many of his major competitors have the benefit of it.

Then, too, innovation often comes, not from the end-producer of the product or service, but from the supplier of an ingredient or part, whose interest is

(*Continued on page* 56)

PUBLIC SERVICE ADVERTISING: One of the top examples of voluntary public service advertising selected by the judges is reproduced above. Created by Foote, Cone & Belding, Inc., it emphasizes the fundamental importance in a democratic society of citizens who inform themselves about public issues and politics and then express their convictions in elections. This is only one of many public service themes endorsed and sponsored by The Advertising Council. Many public service messages have beeen carried to the American public on behalf of better public schools, more financial aid to education, cancer prevention, support of the United Nations, etc., by national magazines, newspapers, and radio and television stations that contributed free space or time for Council-approved projects. Such messages create more than 20 billion impressions a year on the American public through the cooperation of the various agencies and media concerned.

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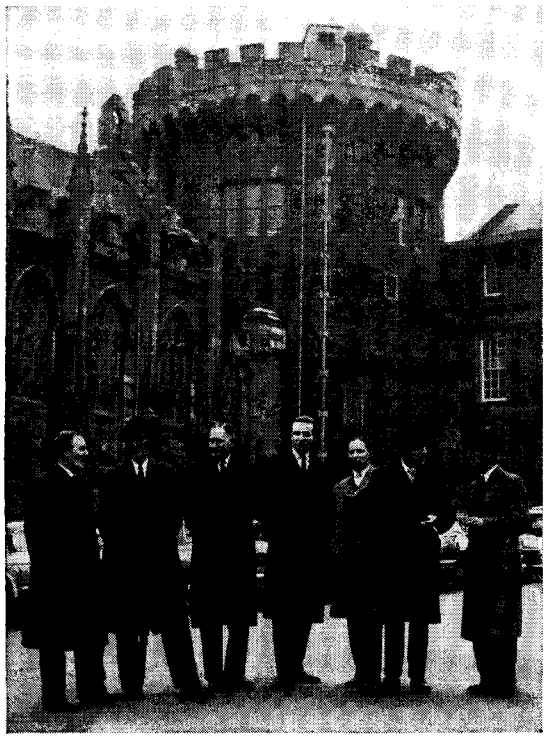
(Burnished, Emphatic Hands Across The Sea)

VOL. III Nº IV

THE IRISH WHISKEY DISTILLERS' GOODWILL MISSION TO AMERICA



THE DELEGATION POSED INFORMALLY IN THE COURTYARD, DUBLIN CASTLE.

Ah, this is a marvellous age we live in! *It is now possible to fly Irish Whiskey from Dublin to New York in the one day!* And us with it! Actually, speedy delivery of Old Burnished Emphatic is not all that important; it hasn't got to be served instanter. It's not like hotcakes. Very true, but since our [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland's] delegation is flying over anyway we have thought to carry a few provisions. Hence the first Irish Whiskey Airlift, although the real reasons for our mission are: 1) a goodwill tour, and 2) to prod the dear sales curve; though not necessarily in that order. For the duration we have agreed to set differences aside and be all for the one and one for all as they say. Still it will do no harm if, as we identify the members of the group, we mention the whiskeys each makes. Right to Left, then: Capt. C. W. Robertson (John Jameson), Desmond Williams (Tullamore Dew and Dunphy's Original Irish), William Campbell (Gilbey's Crock O'Gold), Ronald Murphy (Paddy and Murphy's), Austen Boyd (Old Bushmills), John Ryan (Power's Gold Label), Michael O'Reilly, who read and answered the 35,000 letters you have written him during the past year-and-a-half. Many people have wondered whether there is really a Michael O'Reilly. Oh there is. So, on Sunday Morning the 24th April we shall arrive at Idlewild on Aerlinte Eireann (Irish International Airlines) at 7:30 A. M., though please don't bother as we can get in by the airport limousine. If you see any of us around town please introduce yourself; we shall be most offended if you don't.

© 1960, THE WHISKEY DISTILLERS OF IRELAND

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hear here

I DID . . . Growing in popularity daily is the business of having wedding ceremonies taped. The result is a living memory no photograph can match.

BABY TALK . . . How long do you think little Georgia will sound so cute? Sooner or later she'll start speaking English; you'll forget how she called cigarettes "sugarettes" and windshield wipers "windipers." If you're the kind who saves baby pictures—and who isn't—why not augment them with tape recorded baby talk on "SCOTCH" BRAND Magnetic Tape?

JUST A NOTE . . . If you're not getting all the letters you'd like from someone far away, try "SCOTCH" BRAND Magnetic Tape "living letters." It's easy and pleasant to tape a letter, and the reply rate is high. Taped letters have a spontaneous, personal quality far superior to most written correspondence.

FOREIGN SOUNDS . . . Plans for that vacation abroad shaping up? But you don't speak the native tongue? Language-learning is helped vastly by recording tricky words and phrases . . . then playing them back until they're locked in your mind for good.

BUY . . . Tartan Series No. 140 for all-purpose monaural and stereo recording—acetate backing, splice-free, silicone lubricated, 5-inch 900-ft. reel $2.50, 7-inch 1800-ft. reel $4.25, at your retail dealer.

TARTAN SERIES STEREO QUALITY TAPES

MINNESOTA MINING AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY
. . . WHERE RESEARCH IS THE KEY TO TOMORROW
3M COMPANY

"SCOTCH" is a registered trademark of the 3M Co., St. Paul 6, Minn.

MUSIC TO MY EARS

"D.G." on TV—Colzani as Boccanegra

FOR THE culminating venture of its eleventh season, the NBC Opera Theatre mustered all its accumulated experience to undertake its most exacting musical challenge to date, Mozart's "Don Giovanni." It protected its opera-in-English flank by commissioning a new translation from W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman: it departed from previous practice in engaging Cesare Siepi, the outstanding Don of the day (equally, of the night), and added a complement of worthy associates, including James Pease (Leporello), Leontyne Price (Donna Anna), and Judith Raskin (Zerlina). Peter Herman Adler was in his customary place as conductor.

Withal, the success of the presentation was largely visual. TV is, of course, a visual medium and its interests have to be respected. But tiresome as it may be to iterate the point, any consequential opera (and "Don Giovanni" leads practically all others in musical totality) is primarily an aural experience. Until the responsible parties come to grips with that dilemma and work out a sensible solution, TV opera of the NBC Opera Theatre sort can be admired as a wax flower in the desert of ordinary television programming, but at best a limited likeness of the authentic thing.

To deal with first things first: why the skimpy orchestra? The best cast available could not build a suitable sound on so slender a foundation. Physical factors, such as studio layout and the area pre-empted by sets and cameras, intrude; but if "Don Giovanni" is not manageable in the existing surroundings, why give it at all? It would be humorless pedantry to enumerate the omissions and excisions from the total score, even though the time allotment of two and a half hours was the longest yet for a televised opera. But there was hardly a moment from beginning to end in which the sound that was heard did not compromise the composer's intentions.

In the circumstances, the honors were relative, the distinctions primarily individual. Leading all others was the vivacious, adaptable Don of Siepi, magically transformed from an Italian-speaking Spanish grandee into one whose English, if slightly fragmented by accent, was never without purpose. Indeed, he led almost all the others in intelligibility as well as in justice to the vocal needs. James Pease was not much inferior as Leporello, and Charles H. K. Davis, of Hawaiian birth, made his first prominent effort (as Ottavio) an engaging one. The voice is light, but well used and with a keen sense of verbal values. Electronics were artfully employed to enhance the weight of John Macurdy's sound as the Commendatore, with striking effect in the cemetery scene.

The two extremes of the Don's philandering were better served by Judith Raskin's lightly skilful Zerlina than by Leontyne Price's darkly emphatic Anna. Between them was a well-meaning but vocally uncertain Elvira by Helen George, who was spared "In quali eccessi" as Davis was "Dalla sua pace." The Kallman-Auden translation worked well in the recitatives and dialogue, less so in the arias and ensembles, which tended to be high-flown and textually unwieldy. Kirk Browning's direction was remarkably successful in making a continuity of the innumerable separate "takes," and, within the limitations of the medium, depicting characterization. A single exception might be his treatment of Masetto, which was well sung by John Reardon but a little too consistently red-necked as directed by Browning.

In place of omitted elements in the score (the overture was abbreviated, the final fugue forgotten, and several other elements by-passed), the audience was provided with commercials on the hour and half hour, in which Risë Stevens interpolated a verbal "Flower Song" on behalf of the Florist's Telegraphic Delivery. This, curiously, was in black and white, though Don Shirley, Jr.'s deft use of color in the production provided a perfect frame of reference for blossoms of the season. It was, however, not utilized.

FOR its final performances of "Simon Boccanegra" the Metropolitan provided its first Italian Doge, Anselmo Colzani. He did not command the size of voice to match such American predecessors as Lawrence Tibbett or the matchless Warren, but he added some worth-while emphasis in the delivery of the Italian text, especially in the all-important scene of the Council Chamber. Prior to this, Colzani seemed not too sure where to put his vocal emphasis in this first venture in a strange

(*Continued on page* 52)

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PERSONAL HISTORY

Life and Time of a Top Editor

"Name and Address: An Autobiography," by T. S. Matthews *(Simon & Schuster. 309 pp. $4.50), offers a blue-pencil view of the magazine world, in which the author rose to the top rungs of Time. Herbert Brucker, who did magazine work before moving to Hartford, is editor of The Hartford Courant.*

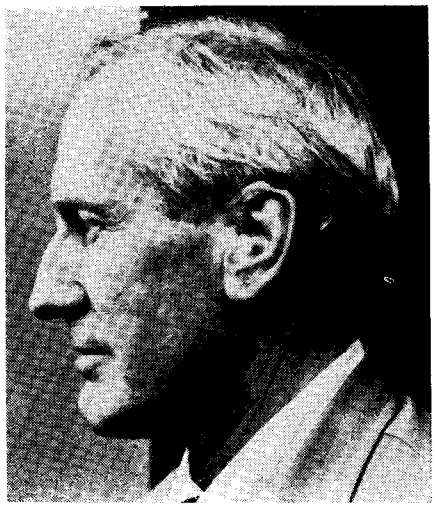
By Herbert Brucker

IF YOU want a picture of the twentieth century to date by a contemporary, this is it. Mr. Matthews is just one year younger than the century. Anyone old enough to have lived through his times and through similar youthful experiences – all centered around that explosive introduction to today's world, World War I–will find here a nostalgic evocation of his own youth and growth. Those who are younger should taste in these pages the flavor of the time before their own.

Mr. Matthews grew up in the sheltered, half-false world of the well-off. His father, Paul, was Episcopal Bishop of New Jersey. In a long early chapter there is much about the elder Matthews and his religion and his ways at home, most of which (not surprisingly) did not set well with the son, sole boy among five sisters. The picture of his mother, a Gamble heiress of Procter & Gamble, is more likable. Youth, parents, and schooling loom large, taking more than half the book.

When Mr. Matthews was graduated from Princeton, and subsequently from Oxford, he had the campus poet's stock notion of becoming a Great Writer. But he fetched up in a young assistant's job on *The New Republic* an experience that, with the help of Herbert Croly and Edmund Wilson, lowered his sights but taught him to write. Four years later, "abandoning the respectable failure of serious journalism for an upstart success you couldn't take seriously," he moved to *Time*. There he stayed for twenty-four years, until he retired to London as an expatriate, to write as he pleases–which is just what he does in this book.

As *Time* grew Mr. Matthews grew with it. And though he never seemed to want to, nor explains how he did it, he reached the top. Some of those who



T. S. Matthews–twentieth-century man.

worked for him in those days recall him as quiet and shy, not successful at human relations, but a great writer and editor.

Many a *Time* reader will enjoy the 150 pages on these years. Mr. Matthews records that in due course he did learn to take *Time* seriously. But he damns *Time*'s surviving founder, Henry Luce, for betraying the magazine's purpose to broadcast his own political and other prejudices. Yet the portrait of Luce is not unsympathetic. Mr. Matthews is distressed, rather, at his own failure to make over *Time* in the image of his journalistic ideal. For example, he notes that even when he finally became editor he could not do the one thing he wanted to do, root our *Time*'s vice of innuendo. He quotes Pope:

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault and hesitate dislike.

At another point Mr. Matthews questions whether journalism is really necessary, and whether it is doing its job of informing the world or is merely selling the public a bill of goods. Here one senses the same distaste for the sleazy, commercial ways of his profession as in his earlier, less solid book, "The Sugar Pill." And there is reason for that distaste. Yet anyone who practises journalism knows how difficult it is to write and edit so that people will read what, according to the folklore of democracy, they should want to read. Surely the *Time* concept is valid: that of taking the world's week and putting it in a magazine that people will read. And people do read it. Despite "the dirty politics . . . the tone, the smell, the personality of *Time* itself," *Time*'s readers are informed by it. Mr. Matthews underestimates the contribution *Time* made to journalism, and no doubt his own contribution to *Time*.

Along the way, and in some brief philosophizing on life and sex and liquor and America at the end, Mr. Matthews tells much in great frankness, but he also leaves out much. The man whose image takes shape behind and between the lines is an able, searching, refreshingly honest man of the twentieth century, and a compliment to it.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

A JAM OF JANES

Doris DeTar of Concord, California, asks you to identify these ladies (all historical save one) who had the same first names. Answers on page 49.

1. A letter-writing Jane who was wife to a Scottish essayist and historian.
2. An histrionic Jane who claimed the Academy Award in 1948.
3. A domestic Jane who was First Lady in the White House from 1853 to 1857.
4. A philanthropic Jane who dedicated her life to social service in the slums of Chicago.
5. A fictional Jane who, as a governess, fell in love with her charge's guardian.
6. An historic Jane who was the third wife of a philandering English king.
7. A literary Jane who wrote six domestic novels in England in the early nineteenth century.
8. A musical Jane who figured in a wartime plane crash off the coast of Portugal.
9. A poetic Jane who with her sister wrote the words of "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star."
10. A titled Jane who was "nine days queen of England."

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The Stars at Night Sit and Type

By ARTHUR KNIGHT, *author of "The Liveliest Art: A Panoramic History of the Movies."*

THERE was a time when autobiography was the province of retired generals, senior statesmen, elder wise men. It was a form of writing designed to pass on to the next generation the hard-learned lessons of the last. It was elevating, illuminating, instructive, and practised with notable restraint. Today, on the other hand, seems to be the day of the Nosey Parker. Everybody's business is everybody else's—and this supplies a splendid market for aging *roués*, unanonymous alcoholics, and teen-aged nonentities. The publishers wave a checkbook, and a soul is bared at $4.95 a copy. In the entertainment world at least, the literary ghost is fast supplanting the psychoanalyst—and literature's loss is a capital gain.

How else to explain, for example, the appearance of "**Memoirs of a Professional Cad**" (Putnam, $3.50)? George Sanders's writing is just awkward enough, just coy enough, and just sententious enough to suggest that he wrote it himself. At this point all praise stops. Mr. Sanders, despite his come-on title, reveals precious little that is either caddish, or daring, or even mildly self-incriminating. The details of his life and loves are as sketchy as a thumbnail biography, the anecdotes are sparse and rarely funny, there is astonishingly little about his work in films, and the philosophizing—of which there is a great deal—is at once jejune and conventional. Smug self-satisfaction reeks from every page, so much so that Mr. Sanders will probably be genuinely shocked to learn that a great deal of his writing is in very bad taste.

Taste is a curious thing. When Mr. Sanders, with all his strictures on what society should be, attempts a jocular report on Tyrone Power's funeral, the lack of taste is appalling. When, on the other hand, Errol Flynn in "**My Wicked, Wicked Ways**" (Putnam, $4.95) describes with zest incidents from his highly checkered career, one may gasp at times at his crudeness, his candor, and his apparent lack of all moral restraint; but taste hardly enters into it. Errol Flynn enjoyed his life (except, it would seem, the deadly round of Westerns that Warners cast him in), and he lived it to the full. What he flings onto his pages, with considerable narrative skill, are generous handfuls of colorful reminiscence, tossed there with little thought of recrimination or reprisal. If Flynn doesn't like somebody, he says so. He is as frank about his exploits as a slave trader as he is about his relations with women, or about his career as a film star. ("I was a male Mae West," he states.) It is this honesty, this articulated passion for the moment as it was lived, that makes "My Wicked, Wicked Ways" so incredibly absorbing. Just as in life, Flynn spares himself nothing—and from his book emerges the same roguish charm that endeared his celluloid incarnation to millions.

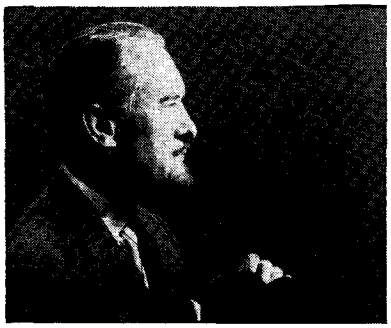
Another endearing figure from the Hollywood shadow factories is Buster Keaton, who has also completed *his* autobiography, "**My Wonderful World of Slapstick**" (Doubleday, $4.50) with the assistance of Charles Samuels. Would that Mr. Samuels were as deft in recounting an anecdote as Keaton was in pointing a gag! Nevertheless, his book does much to recapture the gay, carefree days of the silent studios when the movie capital commanded a world market and Keaton, along with Harold Lloyd and Charlie Chaplin, was universally beloved. Gags spilled over from the stages into private life, with enormous practical jokes rigged as carefully and as cleverly as anything set before the cameras. Keaton recalls them with a gentle nostalgia that not even Samuels's heavy hand can conceal completely (nor, it must be added, reveal adequately).

What does come through, however, is the fact that Keaton shrewdly analyzed and knew the screen character that he had created—an honest workingman trapped in a world too big and too mechanized for him. Although physically agile (he had been raised in vaudeville's roughest comedy act), he was always saved at the last moment by some miracle. And the variations that he rang in on this theme in pictures like "The Navigator" and "The General" were marvels of comic invention. Unfortunately, sound came in and destroyed his world of pantomime—and his book makes it uncomfortably clear

From the wicked and wonderful world of films, a gallery of autobiographies

—From "My Wicked, Wicked Ways."

Errol Flynn—"a male Mae West."



—From "Memoirs of a Professional Cad."

George Sanders—a capital gain.

—From "My Wonderful World of Slapstick."

Buster Keaton—one of the best.

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that he still doesn't know what hit him. But though he may be bewildered, there is not the slightest trace of bitterness or regret. Keaton loved to make people laugh, and still does, and "My Wonderful World of Slapstick" amusingly relates how one of the best of our contemporary clowns set about doing it.

"**Scooper,**" by John McCallum (Wood & Reber, $6.95), is pure reminiscence of Hollywood then and now, as affectionately recalled by one of her ablest and pleasantest publicists, Scoop Conlon. Although it is abundantly clear that, from his first moment of contact with them back in 1914, Scoop fell in love with the movies and the glamorous personalities who make them, McCallum has made the book less a valentine than a name-cluttered registry, spattered with errors of fact, spelling, and proofing. (At one point, Scoop goes "tub-thumbing" through the country; at another, extras "felt like flies" in the heat of the Egyptian desert.) The fundamental philosophy, as well as the style, is exemplified by, " 'There is nothing a good picture won't cure, boxoffice-wise,' Scoop said."

The Voice Heard Over Leo's Roar

"Hollywood Rajah: The Life and Times of Louis B. Mayer," by Bosley Crowther *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 192 pp. $2.95), evokes a giant in a fantasy land. Hollis Alpert is one of SR's motion-picture critics.*

By Hollis Alpert

LOUIS MAYER was born in Russia; no one seemed to know just when. It might have been 1882, it might have been 1885. Later, when he applied for naturalization in the United States, as Bosley Crowther tells us in his full-scale account of the life of L. B. Mayer, he gave his birthday as July 4th, an excellent day for a new American to have been born on. The middle initial was added somewhere along the road from junk collecting (Mayer's first occupation) to production head of Hollywood's largest and mightiest studio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Mr. Crowther, the eminent film critic for *The New York Times*, sensed a story here, and while telling it he has also furthered his explorations into the history of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which he began with his earlier book, "The Lion's Roar."

The kind of Hollywood rajah that Mayer represented no longer exists. The kind of production system he fostered is, if not gone entirely, fading away—if we may trust all the signs, portents, and predictions. Mr. Crowther has, therefore, chosen an apt moment to do some summing up, and he could hardly have chosen a more apt figure than Louis B. Mayer, even though, as hero of the story, he leaves something to be desired. While Mr. Crowther rather avoids an intense psychological probing, it is clear that Mayer was the possessor of an awesome egomania,

—*From the book.*

L. B. Mayer with little Liz Taylor.

was ridden with avarice, jealousy, and a drive for power.

Power he achieved to an extraordinary degree. He headed a studio rich in stars (Garbo, Gable, Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor, Spencer Tracy), directors, and subordinate producers. These he manipulated with a remarkable display of rages, camaraderie, fainting spells, tears, pleadings, and thespian poses. He was a stout little man with an owlish face. He publicly believed in virtuous women, happy endings, rewards for the just, and punishment for the transgressor. These beliefs were inherent in a large proportion of the movies turned out by the studio. His private life was another matter. With the growth of his power, and with advancing age, he disposed of a wife and took to fleshly pleasures. Meanwhile his political conservatism was unshakable. He maintained friendships with William Randolph Hearst and Senator McCarthy, and all but worshipped Herbert Hoover.

Mr. Crowther has ducked few of the unpleasant details of his subject's life, including several financial deals that were less than savory. Even towards the end, Mayer was involved in a cynical attempt to gain control of the rocky empire M-G-M had become. By that time he had been deposed. The system he had espoused and helped to build could no longer cope with the new technical toy, television. He was replaced by a younger man, Dore Schary, who, it turned out, didn't have the answers either. Part of Mr. Crowther's story concerns the relationship between Mayer and the boy genius, Irving G. Thalberg. It was Thalberg who did most to give M-G-M its prestige, so far as the quality of the studio's pictures were concerned. The relationship was complicated, partly that of father and son, partly that of rivals. So long as the two were able to work together in watchful harmony M-G-M thrived.

Mr. Crowther's attitude throughout is one of cool objectivity. He has a flair for anecdote, and his book is liberally laced with illustrative stories. If, in the end, Mayer becomes a funny, pathetic figure, the butt of jokes about the functions of a producer, it is nevertheless clear that he had genuine abilities. The proof, oddly enough, can be found in his subsidiary career as a breeder of race horses. His stable, for a time, was the pre-eminent one in the country. Now that he is dead the jokes about him still, unfortunately, persist. His funeral may yet become part of our folklore. But make no mistake, he was a giant in his fantasy land, and there were many who quailed at the mention of his name. In Mr. Crowther's capable hands his story is instructive and significant.

COZY IN THE COTSWOLDS: Laurie Lee's "**The Edge of Day**" (Morrow, $4) is a creamy Double Gloucester of an autobiography, "tasting of Flora and the country green," flavored with wit and poetry and Cotswold nostalgia. The author, who has played guitars in Andalusia in his time, here turns Pied Piper and leads us an enchanting dance up something that strongly resembles Dylan Thomas's Fern Hill. There's a lot of Thomas's verbal magic here, too, the same pristine delight in springtime passions and colorful rural eccentricity. Other parallels that at once spring to mind are Gerald Durrell's "My Family and Other Animals" (Mrs. Lee and

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her brood are even more idiosyncratic, if you can imagine such a thing) and John Moore's immortal trilogy about the same area, of which "Portrait of Elmbury" most resembles Mr. Lee's autobiography.

"The Edge of Day" is set in a village near Stroud, during and after the First World War. Somehow the steamroller of industrial development had spared the place long enough for young Laurie to catch an authentic whiff of the fast-dying past: "It was something we just had time to inherit, to inherit and dimly know—the blood and beliefs of generations who had been in this valley since the Stone Age." But by the end of the book, as the author's childish ego is unfolding in the trembling excitements of adolescence, the Stone Age has already given way to the Jazz Age. Feudalism is dying with the old squire, charabancs and motor-bikes roar through the secluded valley. "The Edge of Day" shows us, with heartbreaking clarity, the price of progress.

There are the eccentrics with the wonderful Milk-Woodish names: Cabbage-Stump Charlie, Albert the Devil, Tusker Tom, and Emmanuel Twinning, who "made his own suits out of hospital blankets, and lived nearby with a horse." There are the grannies in the Wainscot: 'Er-Up-Atop and 'Er Down-Under, who feuded all their lives and died within a fortnight of each other. There is the pre-Raphaelite Miss Fluck, who was a shade cracked and landed up in the village pond. Above all, there are the Lees themselves, six of them plus Mum (but Dad had levanted) all packed into a cottage "with three floors and a cellar and a treasure in the walls, with a pump and apple trees, syringa and strawberries, rooks in the chimneys, frogs in the cellar, mushrooms on the ceiling, and all for three and sixpence a week."

Still, all is by no means Mummerset bliss, with church outings offset by cider-and-sex under hay-wains. The village is tough and independent, meting out private justice, not above a little incest and murder, but at least (as Mr. Lee points out) sparing its teen-agers the cold horrors of police-court justice. All the same, there was a price to pay for Merrie England: in cold weather old people simply "curled up like salted snails" and died. Yet so magical is Mr. Lee's prose, so bursting with the raw stuff of life, that he almost convinces the reader it was worth it.

"The Edge of Day" itself would alone justify half a dozen certified cases of rural rape, murder, or what-have-you; it is the most memorable and heart-warming autobiography I have read in years. —PETER GREEN.

WRITERS AND WRITING

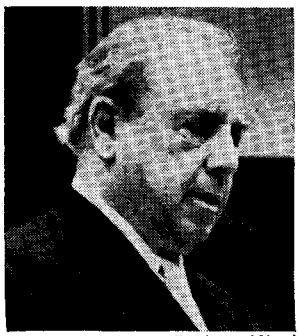
Movable Type to Thomas Wolfe

"Literature and Western Man," by J. B. Priestley *(Harper. 512 pp. $6.95), is a panoramic view of literary achievement during the past five centuries. Houston Peterson is professor of philosophy at Rutgers.*

By Houston Peterson

AFTER WRITING seventeen volumes of fiction, nineteen plays, and numberless essays and articles, Mr. Priestley at sixty-six has every right to take a long, loving, but anxious glance backward over literature and Western Man from the initial use of movable type for printing in the second half of the fifteenth century to 1939. He is addressing himself neither to critics and scholars on the one hand, nor to the devotees of digests and outlines on the other, but to countless potential readers who are capable of enjoying good literature yet wary of it, especially the writings of our age.

He closes his brief introduction by asking the reader "to accept the limitations that have made this task possible. Too often our progress together will be uncertain, here too fast, there too slow, over roads that are too rough. The comment along the way will sometimes be too scanty, sometimes too wordy, often arbitrary, insensitive, unjust. Nevertheless with the reader's goodwill and cooperation, together we may learn something about what Western Man—haunted, bedeviled, inspired, by ideas and feelings that often seem new just because they are very old—has made out of his literature." This genial confession is so disarming that one is tempted to say that this fascinating book is written with Mr. Priestley's usual gusto and then withdraw.



—*Barbara Niggl.*

J. B. Priestley

However, inevitably Priestley does suffer from the vastness of his self-imposed task. He frequently mentions the limits of his proper subject, literature, and then makes improper advances into science, philosophy, and theology, only to withdraw quickly in un-Priestley fashion.

With a quick bow to the printers and scholars, the merchants and sea captains of the Renaissance, Mr. Priestley dashes through Italy, France, England, and Spain, making no special discoveries but sharing with us his delight in the "prodigal zest" of a dozen giants, particularly Rabelais and Cervantes. Then he leaps from the publications of the two parts of "Don Quixote" to the acknowledged reign of Newton and the subsequent Age of Enlightenment, to "The Order'd Garden."

But this is to skip most of the seventeenth century, "the century of genius," as Whitehead called it, which provided "the accumulated capital of ideas" for Western civilization almost down to our day. Francis Bacon requires more than a sentence or two, for, although he was certainly not "the father of scientific method," he was the great drumbeater of modern science and technology, a prophet of limitless influence, who, in 1605, set forth his imperious dream of the reign of man over nature in the eloquent prose of "The Advancement of Learning." Nor should the complementary vision of Descartes be dismissed in a single vague sentence for his dream of mathematics as the key to nature, his obsession with "clear and distinct ideas," his radical separation of mind and matter, his conception of animals and human bodies as automata, were all expressed in that philosophical classic and literary masterpiece, the "Discourse on Method," published in 1637, from which we have never entirely escaped. Nor finally can we leave old Thomas Hobbes out of "literature" because he was a tough-minded philosopher.

Pope's famous couplet composed at the time of Newton's death in 1727

> Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night,
> God said "Let Newton be," and all was light.

is the epigraph employed by Mr. Priest-

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ley for his discussion of the Age of Enlightenment, in which he hits his stride with his knowing account of the rise of the modern novel, and his sympathetic portraits of Voltaire and Diderot. He then passes, of course, to the romantic reaction, with its one-sided emphasis on feeling and fantasy, and manages to reanimate a whole gallery of tired figures with a kind of Jungian magic.

In 1884 John Ruskin, trembling on the brink of insanity, gave two fierce lectures on "The Storm Cloud of the Nineteenth Century" which made little stir at that confident moment, for he was mixing strange talk about landscapes ruined by factory smoke with judgments of moral and spiritual disease. And it was that storm cloud which Mr. Priestley sees reflected again and again in the literature of the nineteenth century, pointing to the catastrophes of the twentieth. He also mentions other troubled prophets with their diverse messages, such as Carlyle, Comte, Emerson, Thoreau, Marx, and Engels, as well as Schopenhauer. But there is no mention in Part I, "The Broken Web" (1835-95), of the extraordinary Alexis de Tocqueville who now seems more relevant than ever, for as early as 1835, in "Democracy in America," he was deliberately turning his thoughts to the future, with its problems of equality and liberty, the power of majority opinion, the insulation of individualism, the conflict of races, and the coming rivalry of Russia and the United States on the world stage.

Mr. Priestley has many interesting things to say about his three representative poets: Tennyson, Baudelaire, and Whitman. He is again splendidly at home with the novelists, but, as a practical man of the theatre also, he seems to have a special warmth for Ibsen, Strindberg, and Chekhov.

The longest section by far (140 pages) deals with the period between 1895 and 1938, symbolized by the early retirement of a French civil engineer, Georges Sorel, who was to become the paradoxical apostle of violence, and with the premature death of Thomas Wolfe in the midst of the Munich retreat. These are crowded pages, which we can only sample quickly. Mr. Priestley thinks that T. S. Eliot "would have been a greater poet if he had stayed at home, by the great river that ran through his boyhood." He asserts that "Joyce did not open new avenues for the novel, but created his own magnificent *cul-de-sac*," that Proust, in spite of his personal psychological difficulties, is "a

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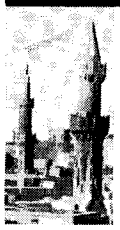

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great novelist, possibly the greatest our century has yet known. . . And on the level he reaches in 'The Trial' and 'The Castle,' especially in the latter, his [Kafka's] is the most triumphantly sustained symbolism in prose fiction."

Priestley laments that Scott Fitzgerald's "beautiful talent" was not matched by a firmer character and that Faulkner's obvious genius is not matched by the necessary talent! And he ends with a gallant, unpatronizing tribute to Thomas Wolfe, which should shame the denigrators of that unfinished giant. ". . . indeed any America that shrugs him away, forgetting what he did and tried to do, will be smaller, older, closer to death, even though it may never have lived—as its major novelists, accepting their maturity, might have taught it to live—in the glowing serenity of the afternoon."

In a brief conclusion summarizing his book, Mr. Priestley is near despair in his honesty. He is convinced that "religion alone can carry the load, defend us against the dehumanizing collectives, restore true personality." But he sees no adequate religion to turn back to—and he descries none on the horizon. "We must wait." But there is plenty to do while waiting. Among other things we may reread the books with which this book started, Shakespeare and Rabelais, Cervantes and Montaigne.

He Kept His Audience Well Posted

"The Selected Letters of Charles Dickens," edited by F. W. Dupee *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 293 pp. $4.75), contains choice samples from the pen of a prolific correspondent. Literary critic and biographer Leon Edel has also edited "The Selected Letters of Henry James."*

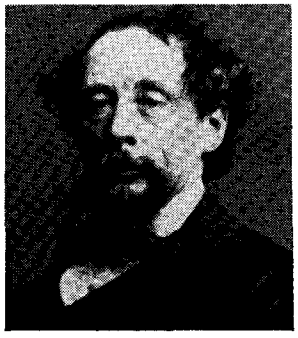
By Leon Edel

GREAT WRITERS, when they write their letters, usually use the same instrument for their correspondence as for their works: their letters quite often are the spilling-over into their private lives of their public pen. And when a writer achieves fame early, as Charles Dickens did, we can nearly always hear the public voice speaking in concert with the private voice. He may write to one person: but his words are aware of other audiences. Dickens's letters were written—in their thousands—"to further human intercourse, not to further the art of letter-writing as such," says F. W. Dupee in his charming introduction to the book. This is certainly true; but the art was furthered precisely by the public voice which happened to be indulging in the friendly act of correspondence.

"The Selected Letters of Charles Dickens" is the eleventh volume in the 'Great Letter Writers' series, which Louis Kronenberger, their general editor, has been giving us during the past decade. Like its predecessors, the collection contains a generous group of letters selected and arranged to display Dickens's epistolary virtuosity—and by the same token its vitality. Dupee has had to draw his small volume from many large volumes; his task, in effect, was to offer a good "sampling," and this he has done. The volume, with its introduction and prefaces, gives a lively and constantly varied picture of the exuberant, ceaselessly active, constantly involved Dickens, this writer with the temperament of an actor, a dramatist *manqué* who, in remarkable fashion, reconciled his penchant for the histrionic within the fictional form.

Dupee's finest *trouvaille* is an admirable letter on dreams written in 1851 to a Dr. Stone, in which Dickens displays the extent to which intuitive observation, by a man of genius, can anticipate clinical study:

> How many dreams are common to us all, from the Queen to the costermonger! We all fall off the Tower, we all skim above the ground at a great pace and can't keep on it, we all say "this must be a dream, because I was in this strange low-roofed, beam-constructed place once before, and it turned out to be a dream,"



—From the book.

Charles Dickens

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we all take unheard of trouble to go to a theatre and never get in, or go to a Feast which can't be eaten or drunk.

And Dickens goes on to describe the symbolic nature of dreams, their manner of latching on to insignificant clues; and even to their manner of dealing with material otherwise suppressed. When we associate such a letter with his interest in hypnotism, and his belief that mentally tormented people might be helped by bringing their troubles to the surface, we recognize the power of insight of this novelist, and understand the uncanny force which such a grasp of reality gave to his novels.

The editor has rightly devoted a goodly part of the book to Dickens's two American tours. The novelist, as we know from "Martin Chuzzlewit," found America strident; American life and Americans in the mass bothered him; and he hated the American press. As a social reformer, he could describe America as if it were a welfare state: "The State is a parent to its people; has a parental care and watch over all poor children, women labouring of child, sick persons and captives." But he fled these shores, in spite of their friendliness, commenting, "I think it impossible utterly impossible, for any Englishman to live here and be happy."

The letters are neatly grouped to follow the main events of Dickens's life and career and in this compact form suggest clearly to us the sources of his great power. They make us aware that his pursuit of the idiosyncratic and the fantastic, and his bent for caricature, was founded upon an acute and humane observation of the actual. He might have been one of the greatest of the fictional realists had he been less actor and more writer; as it was he was the most remarkable of literary entertainers, and no writer was ever closer to his audience. What he sacrificed in art he made up by sheer aliveness, and his zeal in social reform, his quick human sympathies. To all this his letters abundantly testify.

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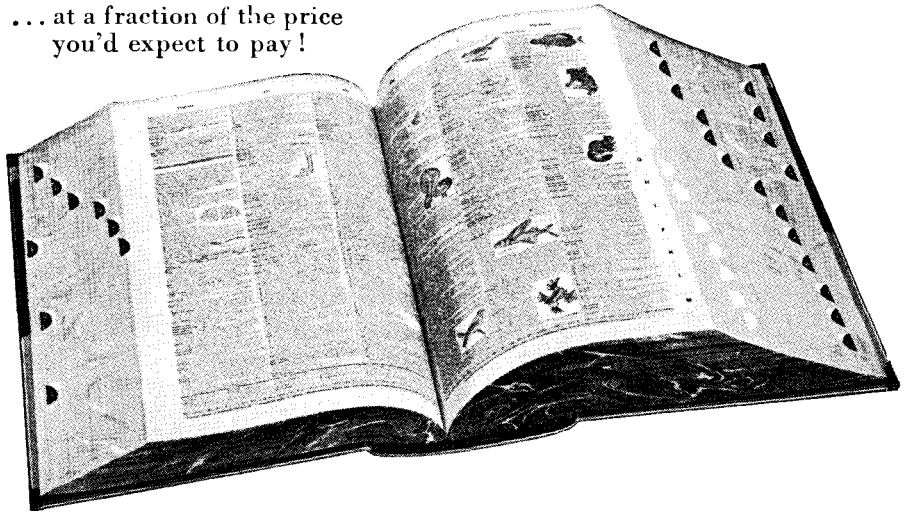

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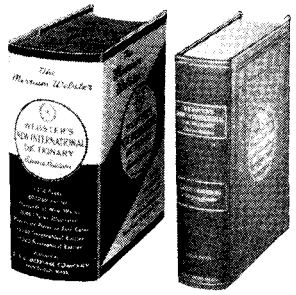

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Consumer Comfort

***"On the Writing of Advertising," by Walter Weir** (McGraw-Hill. 197 pp. $5), reports what the creator of the neologism "togetherness" has discovered about his craft. Nicholas Samstag, who has been in advertising for thirty-six years, wrote "Persuasion for Profit" and other books.*

By Nicholas Samstag

DOES the advertising man influence America more or less than the educator, the politician, the cleric? How do the intelligence and good will of the manipulators in each of these fields compare with those of the other three? The release of measurements like these (could they be taken) would stir up a brouhaha that could make the current clamor about payola sound like the fall of a pebble amid the trumpets of Jericho.

In such an ambitious and impossible study Walter Weir's book, "On the Writing of Advertising," would, on most counts, score heavily for the advertiser. From the viewpoint of the consuming public, it is a comforting book—representing the distilled philosophy of a man who has written and directed the writing of advertising for more than thirty years and who has risen, chiefly through his creative ability, to a high post with Donahue & Coe, one of America's larger advertising agencies. It is a book insistent throughout with high ideals; it swirls with soul-searching where it touches on ethical matters; its concrete suggestions are solid, useful, and, for the most part, wise; and it glows with craftsmanship and a warm but flickering sincerity.

It is only human for a successful man to decide at some point in his career that the world tends to undervalue the specialty in which he has forged to the front. At this juncture, if the man has any way with words (and Mr. Weir most certainly has), it is but natural for him to write a book that equates his specialty with all that is most admirable in the human condition. Nevertheless, among the other liabilities of this book we must list its all-too-frequent pretentiousness and lack of humor. For example:

> Just as a candidate for the priesthood takes vows of chastity and poverty, so that, in his concentration on the spiritual, he will not be distracted by physical and material urges, so I feel that an advertising copywriter must be dedicated if he wishes to produce other than second- or third-rate copy.

And is it any surprise to learn that Mr. Weir is the proud creator of that viscous word (but superb advertising neologism) "togetherness" when we read, "I believe one best prepares himself for communication by learning to love and genuinely loving all the countless other human beings with whom he inhabits the earth. I do not believe one can be a cynic and communicate freely." As if one's only choice lay between being a Pollyanna and a Scrooge.

But such all-too-human frailties aside, we have here a major contribution to the literature of persuasion. The crux of the book would seem to be in Mr. Weir's statement about the function of an advertisement. He makes a great deal of the fact, as well he may, that except for couponed, mail-order advertising, an advertisement is not designed to sell anything. Rather, says the author, an ad should "prepare its reader for the actual experience he will have when he does what the advertisement seeks to have him do." Thus the copywriter's "skill will reside in injecting the highest degree of persuasion into the message he writes *without ever misleading the reader.*" The italics are the author's.

The book has thirty five chapters, most of them only three to five pages long. They treat of the hard sell and of style in writing, of the mirage of semantics and the pitfalls of research, of how easy it is to bore people and how hard it is to sit alone and think. They suggest that agencies should sign their ads and that brainstormers should sign off. One is an ode to Phil Lennen, a great copywriter and Mr. Weir's idol; another is an angry (and justified) attack on copy testing. And the chapters on motivational research, the hidden persuaders, and "Total Advertising" are convincing ones.

It is, as I said, a fine book—to be read with profit not only by men in the fourth estate but by any thinking citizen who wants to crystallize a responsible attitude toward advertising. I only wish that it smiled more—at itself.

Walter Weir

Fiction

Continued from page 23

concerned with satire here, even the gentle sort she applied in the account of her brief Hollywood period, "To See the Dream." Rather than a story of real estate, this is a multiple story of people who migrated to a golden (often gold-plated) land in pursuit of health, wealth, and happiness. Humor, yes; but, Jessamyn, where is thy sting?

Essentially this is a serious work of mass characterization as townsite, church, homes, and families are built. Within the time span of one year we are concerned with a dozen or more major characters, and a score of minor ones. Miss West focuses on the kind of American who caused California's population to soar during the century's early decades—eaters of corn fritters, baked pork chops, cole slaw, and gingerbread. They are brothers and sisters under the skin of earlier pioneers, and of course this theme needs no sting.

We follow (to grab characters at random) the fortunes of Tom Mount, carpenter, ladies' man, and philanderer; Shel Lewis, who abandoned Kentucky for heartaches in the West; Pressley Cope, a girl born to affect people and who, at seventeen, certainly did; Pete the Mexican who lived on the least valuable part of his grandfather's Spanish acres. We follow Eunice Fry, the Colorado spinster whose emotional stress is compounded on The Tract, and her companion, the widowed Opal Tetford. We observe LeRoy Rounce, the Quaker preacher, a minor character, but one of the most memorable in this book by an author who has always drawn her Quakers well.

There are others, too many to catalogue, too many to keep in mind as one reads. Miss West weaves together their loves, guilt, ambitions, prejudices, sex drives, disappointments, and hopes into a fabric of community interdependence and growth. In doing so she writes a pageant as well as a novel, and like so many pageants it is overly long and too abundantly cast. What one misses in this big California book, which for Miss West is a new literary dimension, is the spontaneity, the warm-blooded, generous *élan* of her shorter works. As a dedicated fan of Jessamyn West, I find that the big picture is not her forte.

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Danger at Delivery

Paul Horgan—one with the earth.

"A Distant Trumpet," by Paul Horgan *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 629 pp. $5.75), tells of frontier life during the more rugged years of the American Southwest. Mari Sandoz's new book, "The Son of the Gamblin' Man," will be published this month.*

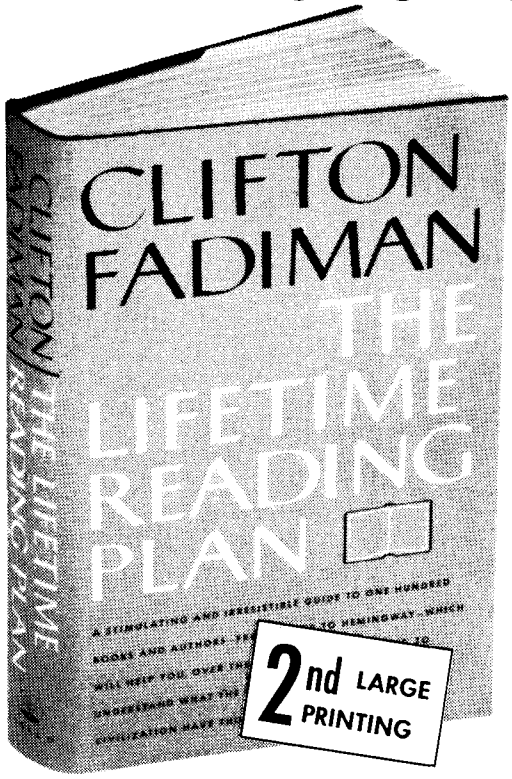
By Mari Sandoz

PAUL HORGAN'S "A Distant Trumpet" is a romantic novel; its protagonist is a handsome young army man, its set a remote frontier post with an ineffectual commander, whose wife has a restless eye. Around little Fort Delivery lies the desert with its hunger, thirst, and dust storms, its snakes, scorpions, pumas, and a renegade band of bloodthirsty Indians. However, what lifts the book above the usual frontier post romance is the the author's feeling for the region and its people.

The story is basically that of young Matthew Hazard, whose father was killed in the Civil War. At age seven the boy was handed a nearby captain's blue kepi with the squashed-in front and the crossed-rifle insignia by Abraham Lincoln, because Matthew had tried to overtake the Presidential train by hard running. From that moment young Matthew's destiny was set, and as a garnet collects and crystallizes from its gray matrix under heat and pressure, so Lieutenant Hazard's life and the disparate lives of a dozen others are drawn together in the small post near the Arizona-Mexican border of the 1880s. The enemy is the hostile fragment of the Chiricahua Apaches who have refused to settle down on the reservation with the tribe but have fled into Mexico, raiding and depredating back across the border.

Paul Horgan examines the origins of the people gathered here in isolation, the men and women who, living under

"A book for those who want to go on learning and growing."—JOHN W. GARDNER, President, Carnegie Corporation of New York



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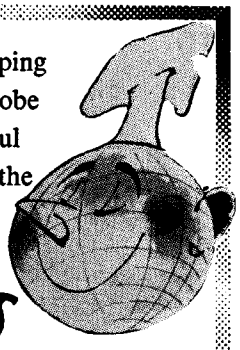

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cramped and dangerous conditions, reveal their inner selves. The amount of woman maneuvering (enough to please anyone not concerned with the novel's wider implications) is increased after Matthew brings his sheltered Eastern bride to the wilderness.

However, there are excellent characterizations in the book, particularly of General Quait and the wise Apache scout he secured for the Army. Reminiscent of General George Crook who once conquered the Apaches, Quait has a vast impatience with Washington, from which he finds surcease in one of the classics that he always carries in his pocket. And the book also has the imaginative descriptions the reader expects of the man who wrote "Great River":

> The Indians had gone to their great shallow cave as to draw the pale sandstone cliff about their shoulders like a garment that would protect them now as it had protected their ancestors.

Only an author who has felt himself one with the vast earth about him could write like this.

Criminal Record

MURDER MAY FOLLOW. *By Susan Morrow. Crime Club.* $2.95. San Francisco interior decoratress sees what she shouldn't and double killer stalks third victim ("I was such a fool," says the lady, correctly); nice Lieut. Seth Condon of Homicide (three-bowls-of-minestrone man) to rescue and solution. Palatable and pleasant.

THE MAN WHO WAS THREE JUMPS AHEAD. *By Hampton Stone. Simon & Schuster.* $2.95. Longtime crook who never talks calls on New York Assistant D. A. Gibby with snatch theory that turns out to be true; deaths occur before peace and quiet take over. Pace not breathtaking.

A KEY TO THE MORGUE. *By Robert Martin. Dodd, Mead.* $2.95. Jim Bennett, Cleveland peeper ace, takes on divorce job as favor to wealthy golfing pal, and corpses multiply to a total never before reached by this conservative and competent practitioner.

SHALL DO NO MURDER. *By Holmes Alexander. Regnery.* $3. Star reporter of Washington (D.C.) *Standard* defenestrates, leaving his editor (who tells story) on ticklish spot; old and new wives are problems, too; President of U.S. has speaking role. Holds up.

—Sergeant Cuff.

Music

Continued from page 42

theatre (his American debut occurred in San Francisco in 1958). He showed the stuff of a true professional, however, in doing the hardest thing best, though his voice at most is lyric rather than dramatic.

Towering over all else (including the able Amelia of Renata Tebaldi and the strong Gabriele of Richard Tucker) was Jerome Hines in his first venture as Fiesco. Added to his superb sound of old were more of the new dramatic resources which have made his current work constantly rewarding. Few recent singers of the part have shown such an intelligent approach to the visual problem the role poses for those who know the story well enough to care—how to make a distinction between the Fiesco of the prologue and the character (twenty-five years later) whose assumed identity of "Andrea" deceives even his old antagonist, Boccanegra. Hines worked this element artfully into the action by playing Fiesco with an elegant regard for his noble lineage (in dress and makeup), later substituting a gaunt, relatively unkempt appearance for Andrea. His "Il lacerato spirito" was a rich-colored gem, well mated to the vocal brilliants linked together by Tebaldi and Tucker.

LEONARD BERNSTEIN showed some valuable qualities of the good musical shepherd in providing his recent New York Philharmonic flock with the broad qualifications required of one who holds its responsibility as music director: at one extreme was a Pension Fund concert for which Renata Tebaldi was the soloist in arias of Rossini ("Selva apaca" from "William Tell"), Boïto ("L'altra notte" from "Mefistofele"), Cilea (excerpts from "Adriana Lecouvreur"), Catalani, and Puccini, and the orchestral works included Mendelssohn's A Major ("Italian") Symphony; at the other, a program devoted to Pergolesi's "Stabat Mater" and Bloch's "Sacred Service."

Among these varied requirements, Bernstein spoke most eloquently for himself in adapting his vigorous means to the simplicity and restraint of Pergolesi, for which Adele Addison and Regina Safarty were the excellent soloists. Bloch's "Sacred Service," though designed for liturgical use, has some values which can be served fully only in the concert hall, and Bernstein made much of them. Under what other circumstances could one hear a baritone of Robert Merrill's strength and richness in the music of the cantor?

—Irving Kolodin.

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"GO!"—ANCIENT JAPANESE STRATEGIC GAME. Unsurpassed for 2,000 years! Set, instructions, $5.50. Classic Games, 2481 Davidson Avenue, NYC 68.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, statesmen, scientists, military leaders, musicians, etc. Correspondence or single items bought and sold. Established 1887. Catalogue on request. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 18 East 77th Street, NYC 21. REgent 4-3902.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES. Spanish Toros, etc. List for stamp. Temple, Box S-549, Mason City, Iowa.

CATS FOR ADOPTION. All sizes, all colors. Free. WAtkins 4-8493 NYC.

PERSONALS

OLE! TOREADORES! Your name printed on magnificent Bullfight Poster only $2.98. Details Free. RAMCO PRODUCTIONS, P.O. Box 25, Alhambra, California.

NEED LETTERS (or copies of letters) written by, to, or about Harold Frederic (1856-1898), American *journalist and novelist; also pictures and other in*formation concerned with Frederic and his family. Professor H. C. Franchere, Portland State College, Portland 1, Oregon.

YALE MAGNA, music, military completed June, seeks interesting employment. Box L-646.

ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN, responsible business experience, excellent speaker, interested in lecture and public relations assignments in Western Pennsylvania. Box L-623.

WANTED: COPYWRITERS for permanent job in advertising department of Chicago textbook publishers, between 25 and 35, with some teaching experience in either high school English or Latin and ability to do clear expository writing. Work involves writing and editing service bulletins, preparing brochures and teaching aids. Box L-632.

A NEW AND BETTER dog tether lengthens 12 feet, *retracts automatically and never tangles with dog's* legs or neck. A.P.L. recommended. Attaches to line, pole or building. Rust-resistant. Slide-O-Matic Safety Dog Chain, $3.50, ppd. C.W. Barnes Co., 31630 Lake Road, Bay Village, Ohio.

ENGLISHWOMAN, teacher seeks tutoring job—children 6-10 years during June, July. Box L-645.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut.

FOR THIN THINKING PEOPLE . . . our TUMBLEMAT . . . a professional exercise mat designed exclusively for home use. Write The Country Shop, Route 3, Box 265, Little Rock, Arkansas.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer free travel, high salaries. Comprehensive new booklet, "Guide to Employment Abroad," describes all possibilities—administrative, teaching, secretarial, radio, aviation, professional, *technical, newspaper,* etc. Full details *on conditions,* requirements. Includes "Directory of American Companies in Sixty Countries." Also covers employment agencies, government careers overseas, international organizations. $1.00. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 25-X, Massapequa Park, New York.

WE, THE PEOPLE, NEED Adlai Stevenson for President! Add your signature? Box K-846.

INTELLIGENT AND VIGOROUS STYLIST WANTED, with *broad knowledge and flair for words, to write, edit* spritely commentary, perceptive profiles and pungent features. For one of best local magazines in U.S. English major top quarter class preferred. Age doesn't matter, mature judgment does. Box L-637.

"L'EXPRESS," the controversial French weekly newspaper. Send 25¢ for your sample copy. Howard Publications, 173 Third Avenue, New York 3, New York.

TAKING YOUR CHILDREN abroad? Leave them with me, in a Cotswold village, while you travel. American references. Box L-484.

YOUNG MAN seeks summer employment. Theatre training, counseling experience, speaks French. References. Box L-651.

TELEIDOSCOPE . . . the adult kaleidoscope with an all-seeing eye. Not limited to bits of glass, Teleidoscope reflects the world around you in fascinating patterns. $3.50 postpaid. Free catalogue. HOUSE OF TODAY, Box 354, Palo Alto, California.

CRABTREE MOVERS, LTD. Prompt, efficient, courteous. Moving, packing, storage. GRamercy 5-2421 NYC.

SHAKESPEARE *in Tudor staging,* with Renaissance Institute, activities, publication. College credit. Address "Shakespeare," Ashland, Oregon.

SUMMER JOBS—Over 12,000 actual jobs in the U.S. and abroad for students, teachers, librarians, writers, etc. NOT just a list—includes specific job data, salaries. Summer jobs are filled early—don't miss out. Regular price $3, rush only $2 for the 1960 SUMMER JOB DIRECTORY. Used in over 1,500 colleges since 1952. FREE resumes given with first 100 orders. 163 North 9th Street, Brooklyn 11, New York. (Add 25¢ Regular Mail, add 50¢ First Class). Money-back guarantee, of course.

HAVE NURSING REGISTRATION—will travel. Box L-702.

FREE TRIP TO IRELAND. Seek college girl to help with children for month visit. Fare paid. Rockfleet, 520 Fifth Avenue, NYC.

(Continued on page 54)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 53)

DO YOU SEW? Do you know Carol Brown's fabulous fabrics? Putney 15, Vermont.

WANTED: PRIVATE RESEARCH WORK for writers. Box L-709.

HARPSICHORD-ZUCKERMAN, 1957 8', 4', lute, pedals, 4¾ octave range. David L. Teeter, Box 570, Elmira, New York.

TENDER LOVING CARE to elderly person who would like to spend carefree happy days in twilight years of life in my country home, where the climate is wholesome and the natural surroundings peaceful and beautiful. Permanent or season. Kent, Connecticut, WAlker 7-3637, Box L-715.

LEARN SPANISH EFFICIENTLY, private lessons, moderate rates. Call after 7 P.M. ACademy 2-0791 NYC.

SECRETARY-STENOGRAPHER-BOOKKEEPER desires seasonal employment any location East Coast. Box 414, Charlottesville, Virginia.

SEEKING PERSON to polish, edit non-fiction manuscript. HYacinth 6-5888 NYC.

YOUNG WOMAN, B.S. in Science, secretarial skills, *many interests, seeks position in NYC or traveling.* Available June/September. Box L-693.

ARTICLES WANTED for new investors' service publication. 1,000 words on economic, political, technological, social and/or psychological factors influencing prices and trading of listed stocks. Query for rates and needs before sending manuscripts. Box L-750.

MARRIED VETERAN, 27, **B.A.** English-French, three years' newspaper experience, varied journalistic interests, seeks editorial or writing position with newspaper or magazine anywhere. Box L-691.

SEMANTICS? NO, "GENERAL" SEMANTICS. As different as wigs are from earwigs. Attend a 5-week course Tuesdays beginning April 26th, 6 P.M. Another Thursdays April 28th, 8 P.M. Tuition $5. NY Society for *General Semantics,* 212 East 44th Street. LOrraine 8-2967.

ADVERTISING ACCOUNT EXECUTIVE, young attractive woman, traveled, well-read, desires position where thinking and productivity are important. Fifteen years' agency experience. Allied fields considered. NYC area. Box L-688.

SPACE ALPHABET with instructions. $1.00 postpaid. *Shepard, P.O. Box 988, Palm Springs, California.*

WANTED: CAPITAL for New York City book shop to expand mail-order business specializing in the Theatrical Arts. Will consider active association with cultivated person. References exchanged. Box L-682.

LADY WISHES JOIN couple having child, trip England and return. Services. Paying own fare. Box L-683.

HAVING HEADACHES? Read "Help for Your Headaches" by Percy Brazil, M.D. and W. H. Green, $2.98 at your bookseller's; or by mail from Arco Publishing Co., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

STUCK IN A RUT? Same old job . . . same old people. Release the basic "you" and change things . . . get more out of living. Call or come in. Scientology, 1345 Third Avenue, NYC. YUkon 8-0220.

FEMALE COLLEGE GRADUATE seeks summer work here or abroad. Will try anything. Box L-729.

INDIAN HEAD CENTS wanted. $6.25 for 100. Werner, Box 2971, Pompano, Florida.

LIVELY MARRIED COUPLE seeks summer or year away from Yale graduate study. Plow, tutor, travel. Box L-730.

PREP SCHOOL SENIOR, salt water skills, fine arts bent, seeks summer as big brother. Fenton, Loomis, Windsor, Connecticut.

GIRL, College graduate, 22, who speaks German fluently, seeks summer employment. U.S./Abroad. Box L-742.

WANTED: YOUNG RESEARCH REPORTER, letter writer, copywriter; office skills. Free lance or permanent. NYC. Box L-740.

I AM A DANISH GIRL of 20 wishing to see America. May I look after your children on your trip? Available May 15th. Box L-739.

RUSSIAN MAJOR, B.A. 1956, seeks position teaching *language, literature.* Box L-745.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY student wants summer job—butler, chauffeur, tutoring children, enjoys elderly people, versatile. Box L-748.

PERSONALS

HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR desires interesting employment U.S./abroad, summer or longer. Have toured Europe. References exchanged. Box L-686.

ENGLISHMAN, CAMBRIDGE GRADUATE, Yale instructor free any four weeks June 15th through September 15th, eager for interesting employment U.S. Box L-685.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

NORTHERN VERMONT: Academic tree farmers offer incidentally acquired houses, mountain and lake view land. Reasonably priced. Write Box L-629.

200-YEAR-OLD COTTAGE, historic Broadway, old 'Sconset, Nantucket Island. Fine antiques included. Reasonable. Box L-647.

ATTRACTIVE, ALL-YEAR, small cottage for two; one hour New York. $8,200. Terms. Box L-711.

PEACE AND QUIET in Canada. Fermoy, 50 miles from Thousand Island Bridge. 7 room furnished house. Fishing, hunting, swimming, 3 bedrooms, 1½ baths, fireplace, gas and electricity, superb condition. Ideal retirement or vacationing. Low tax, $7,500 complete. Box L-703.

MAINE-COAST HOUSE 80 miles from Boston. Waterfront. Wooded land. $16,500. Box L-694.

VERMONT. CHARMING CABIN on large lake. Excellent construction. 2 bedrooms. Completely furnished. $7,500. Miriam Bone, Broker, ALgonquin 5-6791 NYC.

NANTUCKET ISLAND, MASSACHUSETTS. Charming year-round home, 1753 Colonial. Near beach. 4 bedrooms, living room, kitchen, garage. $11,000 furnished. Box L-681.

SOUTHERN VERMONT: Famous village Inn. Picket fence, trees. Sleeps 18. Expandable. Established summer-winter business. $28,000. SNARE-PARSONS, Dorset, Vermont.

FURNISHED ONE-ROOM HOUSE, 4 acres, in woods near Erving, Massachusetts. $1,100. Ideal for writer or artist. Harvey Foreman, Box 1291, Hartford, Connecticut.

BEAUTIFUL VERMONT HOME. View. Barns. Utilities. Land. Retirement or business. Box L-732.

To Rent—Furnished

CLEARWATER, FLORIDA. Lake view. Furnished. Yearly. Creative folk preferred. Box L-698.

For Summer Rental

ASHFIELD LAKE, Massachusetts. 4 room furnished chalet amid pines. Monthly, season or sale. Box L-675.

MAINE WOODS. Surry. 4 sunny acres. Lake, privacy, near scenic coast. Modern, boat, motor. $125 week. Box L-661.

NEWFANE, VERMONT. Charming log cabin, stone fireplace. 1800' altitude, complete isolation. 175 acres woodland. Swimming, fishing privileges. Near Marlboro Summer Festival. Telephone, bottled gas. $750, May-October. Box L-481.

ASPEN. Summer chalet for 4-6 with car, $20 day; top music festival, glorious mountains. Write Everett Millard, 4030 Irving Park, Chicago, Illinois.

TANGLEWOOD AREA. Modern house, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Near swimming. $800 summer. Box L-670.

MAINE LOBSTER VILLAGE. *4 bedrooms. All conveniences.* Sandy beach. Box L-699.

BEDFORD VILLAGE, NEW YORK. Charming, secluded, 4 bedroom, 3 bath house, screened porch, swimming pool. June 15th-Labor Day. Sacrifice. BEdford Village 4-3803.

WASHINGTON, D.C. Vacation among museums, parks, *history. Off Alexandria-Mt. Vernon Parkway. Furnished* home, 4 bedrooms, 3 baths, dishwasher, washer dryer. Month or summer. Reasonable. Box L-692.

PINE-PANELED COTTAGE, accommodating six; ideal for children; mountain stream. $75.00 monthly, June-October. Kerrygil Farm, Fletcher, North Carolina.

OLD FARMHOUSE, southeast Maine. Modernized, all *conveniences,* equipment; light care. Big barn. Ideal for children. Swimming, fishing, canoeing. Season or month; reasonable to responsible people. Owner, Mason Barr, 6308 East Halbert Road, Bethesda 14, Maryland.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

CAPE COD—June and/or July. Private colony, beaches. Box L-707.

POCONOS. 8 room house, 2 baths, magnificent view. 10 acres. 86 miles NYC. Brooks, 215 West 88th Street, NYC 24 or TRafalgar 4-5084 after 3.

CHARMING CAPE COD HOUSE near Boston. 6 rooms, 2 baths, garden. Seashore. Season $1,000. Box L-726.

ARTIST'S HOME, all conveniences, privacy, acreage, mountain view. Two hours NYC. July-Labor Day. COlumbus 5-1084 NYC.

SOUTHERN VERMONT. Comfortable, modernized farmhouse. 8 rooms. $250 monthly. Box 184. Jamaica, Vermont.

CAPE COD cottages and homes—season, month or 2 weeks, $90-$150 weekly. Over 450 listings. Nauset Real Estate, Orleans, Massachusetts. Telephone 552.

MASSACHUSETTS—20 MILES TANGLEWOOD—magnificent view, privacy. 3 room cottage, improvements. $425 season. NEvins 8-5921 NYC, Box No. L-743.

HOUSES WANTED

COLLEGE PROFESSOR, adult family, seeks summer rental 50-200 miles from NYC. 2-3 bedrooms, screened porch, swimming, modern facilities, unisolated, quiet. Box L-716.

APARTMENTS FOR SUBLET

GREENWICH VILLAGE, GAY STREET. Beautifully furnished 3½ room basement garden apartment, June through August. Asking $200. Box L-708.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY APARTMENT. 5 rooms, elegantly furnished Danish modern, airy, view, all conveniences. June 15th-September 15th. UNiversity 4-7854 NYC, Box L-705.

ATTRACTIVE RIVERSIDE DRIVE *apartment, 3½ rooms,* air conditioner, September. Reasonable. NYC. Box L-725.

APARTMENTS WANTED

PRINCETON UNDERGRADUATE. Will tend property in return for summer Manhattan apartment. Box L-746.

ROOMS AVAILABLE

MIDTOWN MANHATTAN, NYC. Large, sunny room, private bath, elevator, $75. TRafalgar 4-5084 late evenings.

CAMPS

ENGLISH, READING SUMMER SCHOOL, 16 boys, 9-15. 7 week session, 4 hours tutoring daily. Instruction in sailing, swimming, tennis. 3 experienced teachers, 4 staff. Location: 60 acre island, Cape Cod. Allen Chase, 84 Kimbark Road, Rochester 10, New York.

LITTLE TIMBER CAMP in the Catskills. Coed, 5 to 12, all land and water sports, crafts, trips pioneering, ACA approved. Mature staff. Full or part season. Eight weeks $425. Write Blackman, 2961 Shore Parkway, Brooklyn, New York. TWining 1-3066-7.

SPEED-READING, Arithmetic, Languages, study skills, college preparation—water skiing, all sports. Coed, 6 to 15. Established 40 years. Keene, New Hampshire, GRANITE LAKE CAMP, 550 Fifth Avenue, NYC. HIckory 5-5908.

VACATIONS

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center, smooth, uncrowded beaches, numerous activities. Artists' colony, summer theatre, shopping center, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants, tea rooms. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

PELICAN COVE—In unspoiled Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, fishing, shelling, skindiving, birdwatching, sailing, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Tom and Carolyn Brown, Islamorada, Florida.

THE LOG HOUSE, THIRTEENTH LAKE, North River, New York. 2,100 ft. altitude. 600 acres midst Adirondack Forest Preserve. "We didn't think there was a place left like this!" Cottages. Meals varied and best. The Tibbits.

COME VISIT WITH US! Picturesque Alpine chalet. Green Mountains. Scenic. Epicurean. Restful. Folder. Winhall Mountain Lodge, Manchester, Vermont.

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VACATIONS

IVES LAKE, in the heart of the Huron Mountains. Catch a Rainbow, hunt a mushroom, read a book, *bring the kids. Write Howard Paul, Big Bay,* Michigan.

PEMAQUID SEMINAR: Stimulating and informal vacations in Maine. Discussions, Writers' Workshop, lectures. For 1960 pamphlet write: Box 386, Damariscotta, Maine.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

VARIED, PRODUCTIVE FISHING—Cottages combining charm AND comfort—Enticing food—Many-faceted vacationing. Leaflet—RUSSELL'S, BROOKTON, MAINE. May 30th-December 1st.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, OLD LYME, Connecticut. Open all year.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful beach, tropical setting. Best meals in Mexico $15.60 American Plan, double occupancy. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

THE BROOKFIELD CRAFT CENTER offers you a craft vacation working with top ranking instructors. Delightful surroundings. Brochure ready April 1st. Brookfield, Connecticut.

BLUEBERRY HILL! Cowslips! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

SPRING on farms and hotels welcoming children. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

FOR THOSE WHO want every facility and service, plus the tranquillity of beach life, write The Fields for literature about their Colony Beach Club Resort, Longboat Key, Sarasota, Florida. Phone FUlton 8-2131.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER. Bantam, Connecticut.

BIRCHWOOD INN—the inn with a personality. Excellent continental cuisine. Write your hostess, Charlotte Wagner, Lenox, Massachusetts.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, North Carolina. Small, secluded. Picturesque mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Season opens May 22nd. Mountain laurel, azalea, rhododendron in profusion during late May-June. Folder. AAA—Duncan Hines recommended.

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write, 813 Inwood Court, Grants, New Mexico.

EGGEMOGGIN, THE RESORT FOR ALL THE FAMILY. Private island in Casco Bay, Maine. Seclusion, relaxation, recreation, boat trips, fine food. Special children's rates. Booklet. O.S. Yale, Box 27, Yarmouth, Maine.

CAREER WOMEN—Studio Barn overlooking Cape Cod Bay. Loaf, paint. Box 26, East Sandwich, Massachusetts.

OGUNQUIT. AAA. Relax by the sea at one of New England's foremost and largest resort hotels. Beautiful grounds, lovely gardens. Exceptional meals. June to September. Lookout Hotel, Ogunquit 21, Maine.

PISGAH FOREST INN. Mountain-top rustic inn, forest-game preserve. Foot trails, beautiful laurel, rhododendron. Log fires, delicious food, friendly hosts. Restful, invigorating. May through October. Box 433, Route 1, Candler, North Carolina.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

ARTISTS, WRITERS, THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE find relaxation in quiet CAPE COD seaport village. Beautiful harbor view, beach, shore drives. Theatres accessible. Write for booklet. BREAKWATER HOTEL, Woods Hole, Massachusetts.

WATERVILLE INN—Complete mountain resort in secluded Waterville Valley, surrounded by White Mountain National Forest. For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. Comfortable inn, private golf course, swimming pool, tennis court, miles of walking and climbing trails. Write for color folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton P.O., New Hampshire.

HOLIDAY HOUSE, CASTINE, MAINE. Waterfront hotel, private bathrooms. Request colored brochure.

FARM SUMMER near Tanglewood for several girls 8-12. UNiversity 6-0165 NYC.

VACATIONS

GREETINGS FROM CHANTERWOOD: This year it's May 27th to October 2nd—laurel to foliage. Lower rates *to June 24th and after September 3rd. Reserve now* your favorite cabin or cottage, especially for busy Tanglewood time. Remember? Lakeside location, deep woods, fine food, Hi-Fi concerts (new Stereo Concert Grove this year), tennis, ideal swimming and boating on two connected lakes, other sports. Would like old friends to have first choice. Duncan Hines recommended. Brochure T. CHANTERWOOD, BOX 11, LEE, MASSACHUSETTS.

CHAMBER MUSIC ENTHUSIASTS: Enjoy vacation with music-making; Springvale, Maine, 1 to 3 weeks, July 17th—August 6th. Information: The Berkley Chamber Music Players, 315 West 98th Street, New York 25. UNiversity 4-0773.

CRESTMONT INN, EAGLES MERE, PENNSYLVANIA. Fun for the whole family in the scenic Alleghenies. Modern hotel rooms, cottages. Superb food. Golf, tennis, riding, water sports, shuffleboard. Golf, tennis pros. Directors for tots, teens. Opens June 17th. Folder. W. T. Dickerson, President.

NEVIS, BRITISH WEST INDIES: Enjoy the Caribbean's most unspoiled Island. Modern cottages built on old sugar plantation. Lovely beaches, swimming pool, tennis, excellent cuisine. Chris-Craft cruiser for fishing. Write or cable Frank Galey, Golden Rock Estate, Nevis.

LIKE A CONTINENT IN MINIATURE, nicely capable of personal exploration: Monhegan Island. Botanically, ornithologically, peacefully rewarding. THE ISLAND INN, Monhegan Island, Maine. Booklet D ?

SIERRA WRITER'S HAVEN—Furnished cottages—$50, $60, $70 monthly. Sky Meadow Ranch, Box 295, Bishop, California.

TUILAUVENT—Maple Road, Brewster, New York. Telephone 9-8106. Only 50 miles from NYC, a beautifully located and secluded country place. Ideal for relaxing weekends and vacation. Comfortable rooms. French cooking. Moderate rates.

SUN-INSIDE, Monterey, Massachusetts. Berkshires. French cuisine, small, very quiet.

AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL MUSICIANS love BRAEBROOKE for its gracious living and musical activities. Players often form permanent chamber music groups here. Swimming, tennis, golf. Very close to Tanglewood. American Plan, reasonable rates. Opening May 26th. Contact M. Weiser, 35 Orchard Place, New Rochelle, New York. NEw Rochelle 2-5117.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. The ideal vacation spot in a setting of rare, natural beauty. Elevation 2100' midst the beautiful Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal. Private swimming, sports. Excellent food and accommodations. Folder.

MEADOW HILL. It's wonderful! Your own private hammock and 80 acres to swing it in. Oxford, Maine.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial home. Good food. R.D.2, Middlebury, Vermont.

THE FALES, WILLIAMSTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS. Quiet, secluded, relaxing. Excellent food. Cottages.

SQUIRREL INN, Box 8, Squirrel Island, Maine. Restful island resort off Boothbay Harbor, mainland utilities, 20 ferry trips daily. Sailing, swimming, fishing, tennis. Folder.

WORLD-FAMOUS FISHING PORT and vacation area on cool, picturesque Cape Ann. Beaches, fishing, boating. For pictorial, informative folder write City Manager, Gloucester 5, Massachusetts.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL, Ogunquit 1, Maine. Perfect seaside relaxation. Art colony. Beach. Playhouse. Bountiful meals. Folder.

RESIDENT CENTER FOR MUSICIANS AND ARTISTS. Professional staff offers assistance in informal program of chamber music, painting, jewelry, ceramics. Fine meals, relaxed atmosphere. "Vacation with a purpose" for a week or more on college campus in beautiful Green Mountain setting. July 3rd to August 28th. Write: Evalyn Bates, Box "S", Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, yet only one hour by air from New York or Boston: Miles of white sand beach, surf bathing (Water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, Nantucket 16, Massachusetts.

CANADA VACATION? Wooded island in beautiful lake, Eastern Ontario. Housekeeping cottages, $35-$45 weekly. Electricity. Quiet, refined. Duane Barnes, 175 Willoughby Street, Brooklyn, New York.

TRAVEL

JAPAN IN AUTUMN $1,695.00 complete. One month. Conducted art and garden tour. Write Oyama, 247 *Pearl, Monterey, California.*

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath; free swimming pool; family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

JOIN BAHAMA CRUISE. 150 foot schooner leaves Miami for Bimini, Berry Islands, Nassau, Andros, Grand Bahamas. All expenses for 10 days from $175.00. **MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE.** Commencing June 15th, a small group of adventurers will sail to Bermuda, Portugal, Spain, France, Africa, Canary Islands, West Indies, Miami. Three months, only $1,500. Inquire now. Capt. Burke, P.O. Box 1051-Z, Miami Beach 39, Florida. Miami Beach phone JEfferson 2-3407.

STAY IN THE HEART OF SMART NEW YORK . . . at the famous Beekman Tower Hotel. It's near everything—United Nations, midtown shops, just a short bus ride to the theatres. Rates are moderate, accommodations delightful. Enjoy cocktails in the Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge—26 stories high in the sky—and delicious food in the Turtle Bay Dining Room. Rates for single rooms with semi-private bath *from $6.50. Group rates available. If you're driving* to New York, write BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49th Street and First Avenue (3 Mitchell Place), New York 17, New York for Family Rates and the SR map showing how to avoid city traffic.

VISIT FRIENDLY BELGIUM FIRST—Gateway to Europe—and of tradition, fabulous art cities, magnificent beaches, superb cuisine and all centers within short commuting distance of its capital. Consult your travel agent or Official Belgium Tourist Bureau, 589 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

STUDENTS. IT'S PLANNED FOR YOU—A summer abroad with PFE—Month's residence and study at Le Fleuron in Florence or 30 day stay in Paris with 40 hour course of study sponsored by Andre Maurois, Robert Schuman, and Marshal Juin PLUS 30 day student tour—choice of 3 itineraries including USSR. . . . Round trip air transportation—60 days in Europe—$1,375—$1,450. Write for 20 page illustrated brochure. Paris France Europe Association for Study and Travel. 10 East 49th Street. New York 17, New York.

EUROPE. 1960 Tours: 50—63 days in Europe. 15—18 countries. $1,245—$1,398. Oberammergau Passion Play included. *Write directly: Prof. L. Knecht.* KNIGHT TOURS (S-R), Box 350, Northfield, Minnesota.

STUDENTS—Don't rush through Europe. Savor the flavor with SCOPE—YOUTH TRAVELS ABROAD, 1960. Unusual experiences for young people. Coed. Brochure available. Mrs. Judith Sullivan, 147-07 Charter Road, Jamaica 35, New York. OLympia 7-6685.

CHARMING GRAMERCY PARK—Attractive singles and doubles. Newly decorated. PARKSIDE HOTEL, 18 Gramercy Park South. NYC. Transients from $3.50. Moderate weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

AMAZING!!! EUROPE—$195. That's all it costs for unusual delightful summer program at Universities of Madrid, Florence, Vienna or Cannes. Full month July or August includes room, meals, tuition, courses in languages, art, painting, music, dance, etc., sightseeing, many other features. All this for $195!! Low cost extensions to all of Europe and Russia. Educational Travel Association, 590 Fifth Avenue, New York 36.

WANT TO GO TO ITALY, but wary of tours and don't want to go alone? See Italy with Claude Marks, painter, lecturer, long-time Italian resident. Visit Ducal Palaces, Venetian Villas, via Margutta studios. Small groups, emphasis on comfort, price $1,299. Leave New York June 11th by jet and return August 20th. Write at once. Mrs. Sue Marks, Hotel Chelsea, 222 West 23rd Street, New York 11.

17 TEENAGERS learn French. Daily classes, 7 weeks, French Switzerland. Weekend trips. Visit Rome, Vienna, Oberammergau Passion Play, Paris, London. Second summer. 68 days, $1,428. Marti School, Dayton 49, Ohio.

UNUSUAL HOLIDAY. Experience English country life by staying with member old Cornish family, who conducts historic tour to places renowned in history and legend, terminating Stratford. Parties of six, 14 days. Mrs. Andrew Farrant, Menthownick, Penryn, Falmouth, Cornwall.

SEE MAGNIFICENT SICILY: New car, chauffeur-owner, $15 daily plus gas. Mileage unlimited, no hidden charges. Giovanni Pernicano, Fiume Freddo, Sicily.

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History's Future

Continued from page 18

that have not borne the passage of time altogether badly, that still illuminate within limits the meaning of history. Publishers will bring out new editions of "The Decline of the West," with scholarly introductions that warn against what has become obsolete and point to what is still valid in it (as Bury did for Gibbon when *fin de siècle* thinking began to interest itself in the decline of Rome). We shall have Spengler corrected in terms of what people believed then and what we know today.

But how about the earlier theory, the theory of linear progress for which Bury himself stood and which was most vividly popularized, at the end of its career, by H. G. Wells? The cyclical theory, in its heyday, demolished it in its short-term predictions. It foretold that we were declining rather than ascending. But the cyclical theory said nothing about eschatological matters; it was without the concept of a point of final arrival. The picture it presented was that of civilizations succeeding one another indefinitely, and if this process was leading somewhere in the fullness of time it had no observations to offer on this eventuality. The theory of linear progression, on the other hand, was strongly eschatological, since it is impossible to imagine an upward progress which goes on forever, which does not finally come to an end in some great glory. The glory that Marxism looked forward to was that of the voluntarily ordered beehive-society. The glory that H. G. Wells looked forward to was presided over by scientists in white coats.

Except in the short term, there is no essential conflict between Bury's idea of progress and Spengler's idea of civilizations rising and dying. No believer in progress has ever denied that its path is littered with the bones of dead men, and there is no reason why it should not be littered with the bones of dead civilizations (which is the way Macauley saw it). The straight upward line of the nineteenth-century optimists could be reconciled with Spengler's rise and fall by supposing that it is rather longer than they thought and that, looked at closely, it proves to be wavy. We may be on a down-cycle now and on an up-cycle again 1,000 years from now. The curve we describe over the centuries is like that of a pedal on a bicycle going uphill.

It seems to me conceivable, then, that we shall discover, one of these days, that man's evolution from the ape has so far shown a certain upward tendency on the whole (if we allow ourselves to accept, quite consciously, and knowing them to be arbitrary, certain standards on which to base value-judgments). While we shall recognize how naïve the earlier proponents of the idea of progress were, in the light of what we now know, we shall acknowledge that a long view shows that there has been a rise in the human standard of living, or in man's capacity for abstract imagery, or in man's knowledge of distant stellar galaxies, or in man's command of nature, or in man's capacity for intellectual analysis—or in whatever generally acceptable criteria of judgment we think fit to adopt. On that basis we may now predict what we may again, one of these days, be predicting.

Responsible Advertising

Continued from page 40

to gain its adoption by as many end-producers as possible. See, for example, the current jet plane advertising of our airlines.

Added to these we have, in this country, a widespread "free trade" in technological ideas, through such channels as the Society of Automotive Engineers and numerous trade and technical journals. The result is that innovating ideas get "in the air," and soon all our automobiles, for example, become more and more alike.

All these forces result in the reverse of a distinction between competitive products and services. But the advertising man is expected to present each of them as one with important differences, leading to the manufacture of mountains out of molehills in the advertising. Our critic must be knowledgeable about this problem, and about the constructive ways to deal with it.

Finally, and most importantly, our critic should be conscious of the still underdeveloped use of advertising as a social force outside the exchange of goods and services.

He must know of the remarkable results that the Advertising Council has produced over the last fifteen years for some fifty "good causes"—through the voluntary services of advertising men, and with contributions of some $180 million annually, in time and space, from advertisers and media.

And he should know, too, of the following-up of this lead in such fine corporation advertising campaigns as:

a. The striking campaign of the Standard Oil Company (N.J.) in the interest of international friendship.

b. The Weyerhaeuser Company's campaign for the preservation of our forests and for conservation through tree-farming.

c. The campaign for better schools, safer highways, forest fire prevention, and other useful purposes of the Caterpillar Tractor Co.

d. The campaign of the New York Life Insurance Company to help parents guide their children in career choices, or the notable campaign of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company on behalf of better health.

e. The campaign for citizen responsibility of Nationwide Insurance.

These examples of advertising at its best, in both purpose and execution, are reported on in the adjoining pages of this magazine.

An alert critic might see, too, in such uses of advertising, potentialities for our great foundations; for the use of some of their funds in the *distribution* of knowledge, through this most modern, high-speed means of communication.

In all this let our critic be not only objective but specific. Let him deal, not with "advertising," but with its uses, good and bad. Let him examine:

> Whether there is too much crowding of advertising in time and space—such as commercials per TV program, and billboards per scenic mile?
>
> Whether there is too much stridency and bad manners in some advertising, now that it can project personal salesmanship into the living room?
>
> Whether the paucity of real buying information, and the superfluity of adjectives in some advertising is, not a crime, but worse—a mistake?

Would such a critic have any real effect on the advertising scene? All I know is that the genius of advertising is reiteration, and that its prophet, Isaiah, said: "Whom shall he teach knowledge? and whom shall he make to understand doctrine? . . . For precept must be upon precept; precept upon precept; line upon line; line upon line; here a little, and there a little."

What I am looking for is a publisher or editor with the insight and courage to enter this new field of criticism—and for the competent critic to aid him. Such a publisher or editor will have to take some risks with his advertisers, yes. But he will, I believe, make a major contribution to the better and wiser use of advertising in our day; he will find himself attracting a surprising volume of mail from his readers; and, in the longer haul, profiting from the sharp attention given his publication by advertisers and advertising men.

Are there any takers in the house?

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What makes a newspaper great?

ROMER

Is Castro a Communist, or isn't he?

While many Americans are still trying to make sense out of the flamboyant Cuban's tirades, Upper Midwest newspaper readers have had a running start over the rest of the nation in evaluating answers to that question—thanks to a remarkably accurate forecast of Caribbean events-to-come made just one year ago by a bouncy little Minneapolis Tribune reporter named Sam Romer.

Even before the victorious Castro visited the United States in April, 1959, Upper Midwest newspaper readers had known the facts behind the bearded revolutionary's expressed goals—as revealed in Sam's series, "Will the Communists Take Cuba?" The result of a 4-week tour of Caribbean trouble-spots, the series pointed with unswerving accuracy at Communist aims and tactics in the area. Sam's fluent, if colloquial, Spanish and his canny evaluation of the pronouncements of government officials, nationalist leaders and underground partisans resulted in a story which jolted Minneapolis Tribune readers.

No less surprising to discerning Upper Midwesterners was the by-line on the series: Sam Romer is one of the most seasoned *labor* news reporters in the country. A one-time publicity trouble-shooter for the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union and former chief of the allied forces labor relations section in occupied Japan, Romer is equally at home interviewing strikers on a picket line or management behind polished desks, cutting through a maze of intricate labor law or putting his finger on the occasional racketeer who insinuates himself into a union. (The latter activity once earned him a bomb-threat from a since-convicted hoodlum whom he had given "bad publicity".)

As his Caribbean report reveals, Sam Romer is far more than a specialist in a limited field. Like so many other specialists who staff the Minneapolis Star and Tribune, he is foremost a good, general reporter. Thorough going competence, knowledge and experience are cover-to-cover characteristics of these newspapers—qualities which help explain why they are read so closely, enjoyed so much and respected so widely throughout an entire region: America's 3⅓ state Upper Midwest.

Minneapolis Star *and* Tribune

EVENING MORNING & SUNDAY

650,000 SUNDAY · 515,000 DAILY

JOHN COWLES, *President*

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1361

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Said of any actors, sounds, or action which cannot be seen by the audience (2 wds.).

B. Final bit of something once valued (2 wds.).

C. "As a matter of fact" to our forefathers (2 wds.).

D. Wartlike.

E. In reversed order (3 wds.).

F. A light meal, esp. at a party of any sort.

G. The common European swift (*Apus apus*; 2 wds.).

H. Beethoven's F minor sonata, op. 57, as it is familiarly known.

I. A game of word-making such as "Letters."

J. Consecrated; dedicated (of an object, not a person).

K. In a testy manner.

L. What "from the skies seems to hallow us" at home, acc'g to Payne (2 wds.).

WORDS

61 157 135 195 73 129 67 58

132 192 55 48 78 70 25 114 182

5 186 54 165 36 146 57

88 143 60 128 97 13 75 19 187

42 122 74 24 180 99 93 33 111

45 162 123 145 191 152 49 76 86 130 56 95

82 7 62 190 17 126 109 37 153 2 151

170 102 184 32 141 108 154 71 117 98 112 134

155 118 106 194 15 160 178 22 10

77 6 113 50 188 91 53 181 185 131

81 34 148 44 28 156

172 51 68 26 103 29

DEFINITIONS

M. Fencer.

N. Followed by "doctrine," what Milton said might be let loose to play upon the Earth (3 wds.; "Areopagitica").

O. Cherish as something sacred.

P. From the Rhine valley.

Q. Blind and insensate folly, esp. with regard to personal attachments.

R. Soprano who opened the Met. in 1883; a new and brilliant one of the same name, current season.

S. Welsh colliery owner who aided Lloyd-George as food controller in 1914.

T. Phrase from World War I, signifying then beginning of an attack; now, a triumphant conclusion (3 wds.).

U. Dress fabric ornamented with imitation of quilting.

V. Spanish poet who served seven years as viceroy of Peru (1581-1658).

WORDS

39 46 14 52 63 168 138 84 110

21 35 133 3 66 87 174 164 116 119

100 166 115 65 193 47 140 83

179 80 196 31 27 69 176

136 171 4 43 20 90 121 175 104 150 173

1 107 124 147 101 18 137

159 41 125 105 38 94 163

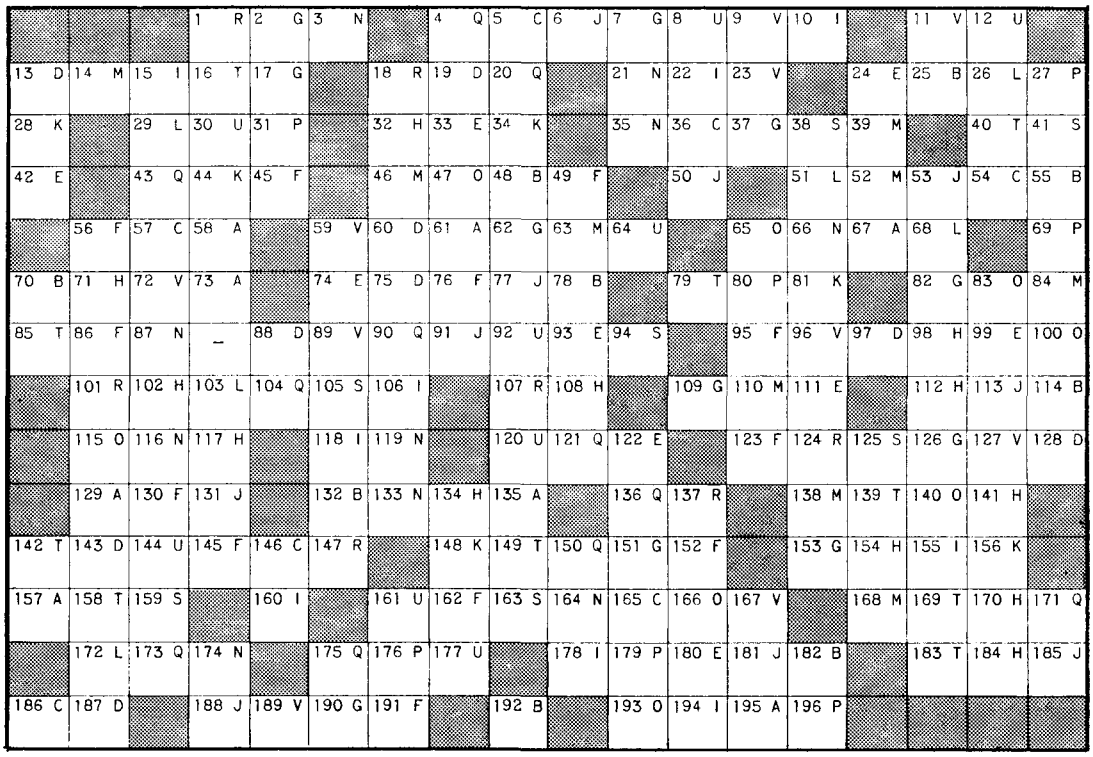
183 85 139 149 79 142 16 40 158 169

120 144 92 12 8 30 161 64 177

23 167 96 72 189 9 89 59 11 127

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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"Remember, Clyde, we flew to Switzerland first because it's so easy to see the rest of Europe from here."

"That's nice."

Guys like Clyde are a problem. They *agree* that the sensible way to see Europe is to start in Switzerland, right in the center of things. So we fly them over without a stop on the way.

And then it happens. They step off the plane, take one look around and settle down in Switzerland for their entire vacation.

Now we love people who love Switzerland. Where else can you rub elbows with French, German, and Italian cultures—swim, fish and sightsee one day—hike and ski the next—all in an area half the size of the State of Maine.

It's just that we like to fly people on to Paris, London, Rome and the rest of Europe, too. So if you're planning a trip to Europe (and your name isn't Clyde) try it this way: Take a non-stop Swissair flight to Geneva or Zurich. Get settled in a friendly Swiss hotel or charming chalet. Then take in the other Europe on leisurely side trips with Swissair.

Or, spend the first part of your vacation in Switzerland and the rest of it seeing Europe on our free stopover plan (up to eight additional countries at no extra cost).

And, whether you travel first class or economy, the Swiss-Care's the same. You'll like it. Your travel agent is waiting with all the details. So is your local Swissair office.

SWISSCARE SWISSAIR WORLDWIDE

STARTING IN JUNE: DIRECT DC-8 JET SERVICE NEW YORK TO SWITZERLAND

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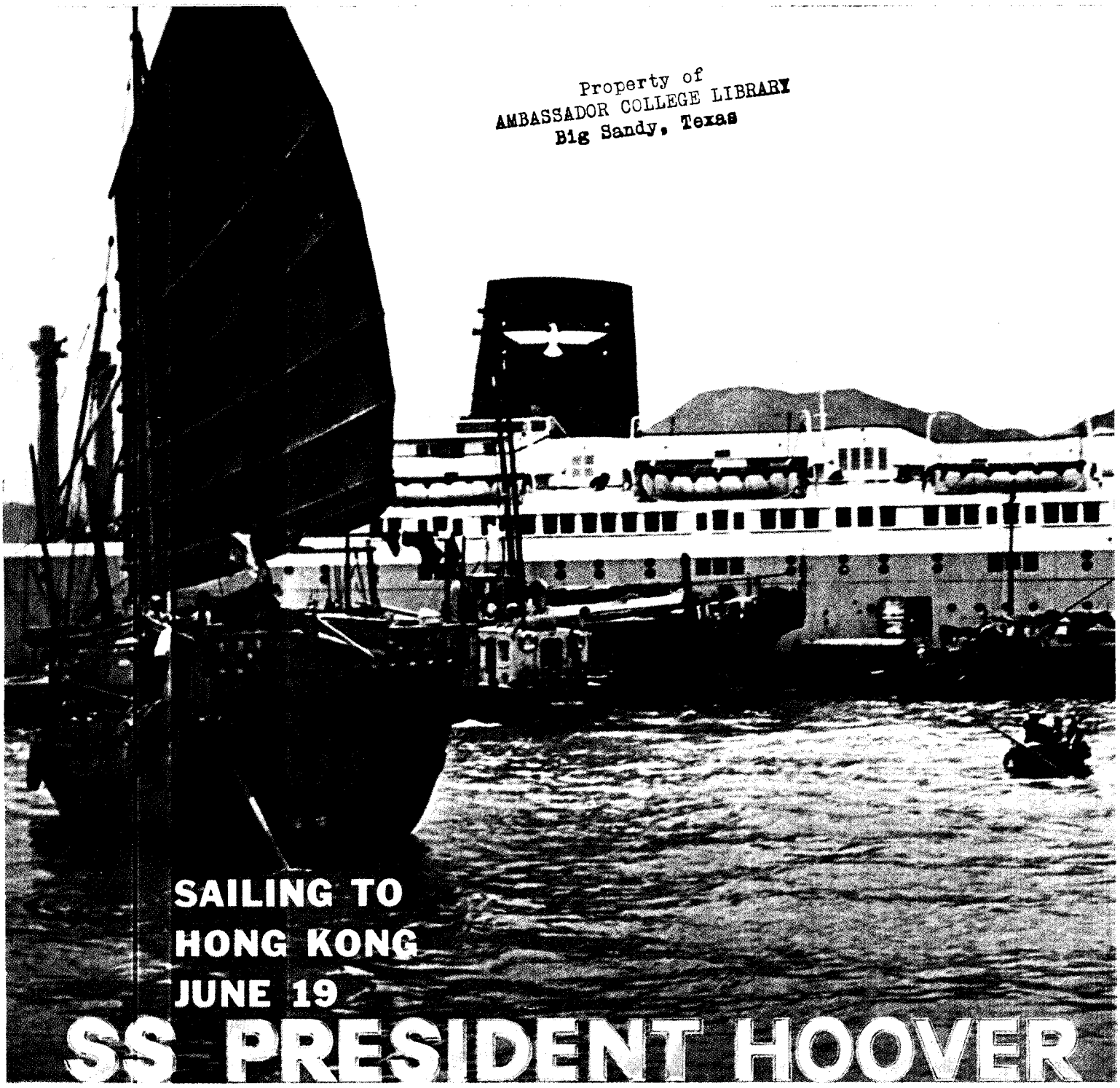

DROP ANCHOR IN A NEW WORLD! A world of picturesque junks and rickshaws, of exotic bazaars and unequalled bargains, of charm and adventure and timeless traditions —the British Crown Colony of Hong Kong!

And that's only part of the package. This Orient Cruise takes you also to Honolulu and Yokohama, Manila and Kobe. Each has a flavor and fascination, a color and character, uniquely its own.

Entertainment? Swimming, deck sports, movies, dancing—your great President Liner offers you every pleasure afloat. Accommodations? Every stateroom is First Class, each with private bath and 24-hour room service. Fares? From $1386 for six full weeks of sun and sea.

Later cruises are available, too. The SS PRESIDENT CLEVELAND sails from San Francisco on June 30, the SS PRESIDENT WILSON on July 24, the SS PRESIDENT HOOVER on Aug. 3. (Alternate sailings of the Presidents Wilson and Cleveland also call at Los Angeles.) See your Travel Agent. Or write American President Lines, Department C, San Francisco 4, for free folder.

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES
Trans-Pacific Round the World

TWICE MONTHLY A GREAT PRESIDENT LINER SAILS FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO THE ORIENT

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES' OFFICES: SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES • SEATTLE • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • BOSTON • WASHINGTON, D. C. • HONOLULU

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